



THE
FAMOUS ALLEGORIES

—
BALDWIN



SELECT ENGLISH CLASSICS



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Select English Classics

THE FAMOUS ALLEGORIES

*SELECTIONS AND EXTRACTS FOR READING
AND STUDY*

BY

JAMES BALDWIN, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "SIX CENTURIES OF ENGLISH POETRY,"
"THE BOOK LOVER," ETC.



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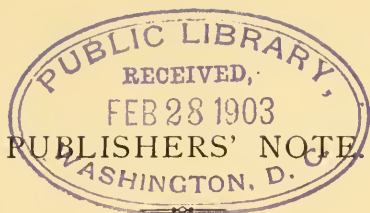
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FORE WORD.

A COMPANY of open-eyed, wonder-loving children are walking on the shore of the sea. It is the spring-time; the hour is early morning; the air is redolent with the odor of flowers, and musical with the songs of birds. To these children the world is young, and nature, like their own lives, is full of sweet and hidden mysteries. Before them stretches the great sea — a mighty kingdom concealing many a beauty and many a terror — in the contemplation of which their fancy is invited to roam unlimited and unrestrained. Behind them rise mighty mountains, symbols of king-like power and sublime repose. Above them bends the blue sky-dome, beautiful and fathomless, suggestive of the protection and care which the All-Father bestows upon his children. There is nothing that comes within their vision which does not tend to kindle emotion, to arouse enthusiasm or to encourage the imagination. To their understanding the sea is deep, the mountains are high, the heavens are glorious, the world is very fair. What more should they seek to know? What would they gain by exchanging their childish fancies for the surer methods of the exact sciences, the application of measurements, or a knowledge of mathematics? The sun rising above the mountain-tops is a golden chariot; the rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze is the whispering of dryads among the branches; the murmur of the waves beating upon the shore is the song of sea-nymphs deep down in their ocean caves. Compared with the pleasures derived from such fancies, of what avail is a knowledge of physics, or a study of economics, or all the wisdom which the school-books contain? Then, too, the minds of these children are attuned in harmony with nature's music; they are inspired with lofty thoughts, and the utterances which leap spontaneously from their lips are clothed in the garb of true poetry, — poetry such as the rules of rhetoric and the principles of studied art have never created, and yet full of melody, grace, and beauty.

Imagination
and Fancy.

So was it with the remote ancestors of our race who lived while yet the air of the world's morning was crisp with sweet imaginings, and the music of the spheres still echoed upon the earth. Like

wondering children they imagined the existence of strange lands beyond the mountains, and peopled them with creatures of their own fancy. They heard spirits in the wood and on the shore, and saw them in the clouds. The mysteries of creation, of life and death, and of their own possible relations to beings higher than themselves inspired them with awe — with dread of things baneful, with love for things beneficent. And when they perceived what seemed to them a living truth they gave it a concrete form — preserved the idea as a word-picture — for as yet they had not the power to understand purely abstract thoughts, much less the ability to give them expression. To the forces of nature they applied names, and to these names they attached many mythical stories — “poetical expressions of the oldest forms of truth.” Observing that all living beings derive nourishment from the soil, they personified

the Earth and spoke of her as the loving Mother of gods and men. Believing that from the air and sky comes the spirit of life which animates what would otherwise be senseless dust, they spoke of the fatherhood of the heavens, and, in Greece, they personified it as Uranos. The phenomena of rain, hail, and snow were poetically described as the hundred-handed children of heaven — the furrower, the smiter, the presser. Day was a beneficent being by whom light was borne to mortals. Night was likewise a friend to toil-worn man, and she appeared to him wrapped in a sable cloud and carrying Sleep in her arms. But among other primitive folk a different story was told. Night, they said, was a giantess, dark and swarthy, who rode in a car drawn by a restless steed, the foam from whose bits oftentimes covered the grass and the trees with dew. And Day was the son of Night; and the glistening mane of the horse which he drove in his unceasing journeys round the world lighted all the earth and the heavens with its beams.

When storm-clouds obscured the sky, and the thunder rolled, and the lightnings flashed, some said that mighty Thor was battling with the giants in mid-air and hurling his dread hammer into their ranks. Others said that Zeus was brandishing his darts on high and uttering his thunder among the clouds. When the mountain-meadows were green with long grass, and the corn was yellow for the reapers' sickles, these spoke of bright-tressed Demeter, the mistress of the fields; and those sang of golden-haired Sif, the bountiful queen of the harvests.

It was easy to extend almost indefinitely this poetic method of assigning to natural objects and natural manifestations some of the attributes possessed or exhibited by human beings. One personi-

fiction suggested another, and the fancy was constantly discovering new domains. It was but a step from the natural to the supernatural. The earth, the air, the sea, were peopled with myriads of unseen intelligences, and over them all, the gods presided. And so, out of what in the beginning were simple poetic descriptions of well-known phenomena, there grew in time a system of myths upon which the religious faith of the people was based. But this was not all. Alongside with these poetic conceptions of nature and nature's manifestations, there were ideas also of the mental and moral attributes and characteristics of the human mind. Love, hope, fear, malice, rage, revenge, wisdom, strength, courage, justice, and whatever had reference to the duties or obligations of men, or to their passions, were, in imagination, creatures of flesh and blood clothed with these attributes of humanity. Thus it was that Myth and Allegory, twin daughters of Imagination and Fancy, were born in the early dawn of the world's morning, when the sun-rays of intelligence were first beginning to illumine the human mind.

**Origin of
Myths.**

**Origin of
Allegory.**

In the oldest literature of every people Allegory is one of the most prominent elements. Sometimes it is hopelessly intermingled and confounded with that which is purely mythical; at other times it stands out clear and distinct as the figurative representation of some vital truth. As a method of giving instruction, or of impressing important facts upon the mind, it was especially esteemed among the Oriental nations. Nor were abstract ideas alone submitted to this allegorical treatment. Not only were truth and error, courage and fear, vice and virtue, pictured as living, intelligent beings, but real persons were frequently portrayed allegorically in such a manner as to present, either for admiration or for ridicule, some special traits of character or some peculiar conditions of life.

In the Old Testament of the Scriptures are numerous examples of allegory. Indeed, there have been among Christian theologians those who affirmed that no small portion of the Bible is an allegory which, properly interpreted, discovers a meaning more spiritual and more profound than is to be derived from any literal interpretation of the text. In the early ages of the church this view was maintained with great vigor by the Alexandrine Christians, and especially by their famous leader and representative, Origen. These taught that "the Mosaic account of the Garden of Eden was allegorical; that Paradise only symbolized a high primeval spirituality; that the fall consisted in the loss of

**Bible
Allegories.**

such through spiritual and not material temptation; and that the expulsion from the Garden lay in the soul's being driven out of its region of original purity." But it is not for us to enter into the discussion of theological problems. That there are allegorical passages in the earlier chapters of the Book of Genesis no one can deny. Such, for example, is the description of the trees in Eden — "the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." So, doubtless, also is that beautiful and striking passage describing the discovery of our guilty first parents after their transgression, when "they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day: and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden."

But to consider the more obvious examples of allegory in the Scriptures let us call to mind the short parables quoted here and there in the Old Testament, or used so often and so effectively in the New Testament as the means of illustrating some declaration of doctrine, or of giving clearness and emphasis to some statement of universal truth. The earliest of such parables is the beautiful allegory of the trees which Jerub-baal related to the Shechemites. Being obliged to flee for his life from his brother who had usurped the kingdom that was rightfully his own, he stood one day upon the top of Mount Gerizim, in the sight of the people who had deserted his cause, and told them this fable:—

"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, 'Reign thou over us.'

Allegory of the Trees. "But the olive tree said unto them, 'Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"And the trees said to the fig tree, 'Come thou, and reign over us.'

"But the fig tree said unto them, 'Should I forsake my sweetness and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"Then said the trees unto the vine, 'Come thou, and reign over us.'

"And the vine said unto them, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?'

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble, 'Come thou, and reign over us.'

"And the bramble said unto the trees, 'If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.'"

The parable contained in the 80th Psalm, wherein the house of Israel is likened to a vine, is also worthy of study : —

“Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt ;
 Thou hast cast out the heathen,
 And planted it.
 Thou preparedst room before it,
 And didst cause it to take deep root,
 And it filled the land.
 The hills were covered with the shadow of it,
 And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.
 She sent out her boughs unto the sea,
 And her branches unto the river.
 Why hast thou then broken down her hedges,
 So that all they that pass by the way do pluck her ?
 The boar out of the wood doth waste it,
 And the wild beast of the field doth devour it.
 Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts :
 Look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine,
 And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted,
 And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.”

**Allegory of
 the Vine.**

And so Christ, speaking to his disciples, likens himself to a vine : —

“I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away ; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. . . . As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine ; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit : for without me ye can do nothing.”

**The True
 Vine.**

In the poetry of the Greeks allegory and myth go hand in hand. Athene counsels wisdom ; Ares leads in war ; Aphrodite inspires love ; Heracles symbolizes strength ; the Fates weave the woof of destiny ; the Furies relentlessly pursue the evil-doer. Now and then, however, a pure allegory, freed from the entanglements of mythical embodiment, may be found. Observe, for example, the manner in which old Phoinix, in the “Iliad,” personifies Prayers and their influence : —

**Greek
 Allegories.**

“Prayers of penitence are daughters of Zeus, halting and wrinkled and of eyes askance, that have their tasks withal to go in the steps of Sin. For Sin is strong and fleet of foot, wherefore she far outrunneth all Prayers, and goeth before them over all the earth, making men fall, and Prayers follow behind to heal the harm. Now whosoever reverenceth Zeus’s daughters when they draw near, him they greatly bless and hear his petitions ; but

Prayers.

when one denieth them and stiffly refuseth, then depart they and make prayer unto Zeus the son of Kronos that Sin may come upon such an one, that he may fall and pay the price."

The story of Hera and Sleep in the XIVth Book of the "Iliad" is a good example of the intermingling of Allegory and Myth:—

"Then Hera came to Lemnos, the city of godlike Thoas. There she met Sleep, the brother of Death,¹ and clasped her hand in his, and spake and called his name: 'Sleep, lord of all gods and of all men, if ever thou didst hear my word, obey me again even now, and I will be grateful to thee always. Lull me, I pray thee, the shining eyes of Zeus beneath his brows, so soon as I have laid me down by him in love. And gifts I will give to thee, even a fair throne, imperishable forever, a golden throne, that Hephaistos the lame, mine own child, shall fashion skilfully, and will set beneath it a footstool for the feet, for thee to set thy shining feet upon, when thou art at a festival.' . . .

"So she spake, and Sleep was glad, and answered and said: 'Come now, swear to me by the inviolable water of Styx, and with one of thy hands grasp the fertile earth and with the other the shining sea, that all may be witnesses to us, even all the gods below that are with Kronos, that verily thou wilt give me one of the younger Graces, even Pasithea, that myself do long for all my days.'

"So spake he, nor did she disobey, the white-armed goddess Hera; she sware as he bade her, and called all the gods by name, even those below Tartaros that are called Titans. But when she had sworn and ended that oath, the twain left the citadel of Lemnos, and of Imbros, clothed on in mist, and swiftly they accomplished the way. To many-fountained Ida they came, the mother of wild beasts, to Lekton, where first they left the sea, and they twain fared above the dry land, and the topmost forest waved beneath their feet. There Sleep halted, ere the eyes of Zeus beheld him, and alighted on a tall pine-tree, the loftiest pine that then in all Ida rose through the near to the upper air. Therein sat he, hidden by the branches of the pine, in the likeness of the shrill bird that on the mountains the gods call *chalkis*, but men *kymindis*."

A well-known allegory, so modern in spirit that it might be mistaken for the work of a nineteenth-century moralist, is the story of the choice of Heracles written by the famous Greek sophist, Prodicus, about 400 B.C., and preserved for us in the works of Xenophon. When young Heracles was approaching manhood he found

¹ "How wonderful is Death!
Death and his brother Sleep."

himself standing one day at the meeting of two roads, one of which he must needs travel. But as both appeared equally attractive he was unable at first to decide which he should take. Observing them more closely, however, he perceived that one was apparently full of obstacles and that it led over barren hills and desert ways straight towards a distant range of mountains. The other wound in and out among the trees, or followed pleasant watercourses through green meadows and shaded dells, and at last disappeared from view. While the young man stood hesitating, two women appeared before him. Both were beautiful; but, while one was adorned with purity, modesty, and discretion, the other was bold and full of blandishments, and meretricious in appearance and dress. The latter, whose name was Pleasure, began at once to persuade him to follow the easier of the two roads, and she promised to lead him through pleasant ways directly to the attainment of every desire. "Come with me," she said, "and yours shall be a life of ease, unvexed with care, and never burdened with labor." Then the other lady, whose name was Virtue, began to speak. She first reminded the young man of his noble ancestry and of his own natural endowments, and told him that the gifts of the gods are bestowed only to those who truly deserve them. "The road which I would have you follow is steep and beset with obstacles, but if you would have eternal fame you must not shun the toil which is necessary for its attainment." Then Pleasure began to dilate upon the difficulties of the road which Virtue would have him follow; but Virtue replied by again admonishing him that there is no true excellence without labor, and that if he would enjoy the favor of Heaven he must make himself worthy of that favor. Thereupon Heracles decided without further hesitation to follow the path to which Virtue pointed him. "The road of labor and of honest effort shall be mine," he cried, "and I will shrink from no task which duty imposes upon me, or which the immortal gods desire me to perform."

The Choice of
Hercules.

The literature of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is particularly rich in allegory. Crude and childish notions, facts imperfectly understood, current superstitions, fanciful interpretations of natural phenomena, are all curiously commingled in stories manifestly designed to illustrate religious or moral truths. The allegory of the "Phœnix," probably the work of the Northumbrian poet Cynewulf, is a poem of no little beauty, grace, and harmony, in which the writer portrays, under the similitude of a phœnix, the life, trials, and triumphs of the faithful Christian. Although doubtless suggested by the Latin poem, "Carmen de Phœnice," of

Anglo-Saxon
Allegories.

Lactantius (A.D. 260-325), it is so full of original thought that it can scarcely be regarded as a paraphrase, much less as a translation.

The story of "The Whale," also ascribed to Cynewulf, is an allegorical poem intended to convey a warning against hypocrisy, and a caution to beware of deceptive appearances. "The whale calleth the little fishes around him by the sweet odor of his mouth; then suddenly around the prey the grim gums crash together. So it is to every man who often and negligently in this stormy world lets himself be deceived by sweet odor. Hell's barred doors have not return or escape, or any outlet for those who enter, any more than the fishes sporting in the ocean can turn back from the whale's grip."

The name "Physiologus" was sometimes applied in a general way to these examples of moralized natural history. It was also

sometimes used ignorantly in reference to their supposed originator. Such stories were employed by

The "Physiologus." religious teachers, priests, and monks, as the easiest and most natural means of explaining practical truths to their untutored hearers or disciples. The origin of these stories may be traced to the Christian Fathers of the fourth century. The fabulous qualities of certain animals were made to represent some feature of human experience, and from the results attendant upon the former, the ingenious fabulist derived rules for the regulation of the latter.

A "Physiologus" ascribed sometimes to Bishop Theobaldus, and written about the beginning of the thirteenth century, is a notable example of this kind of allegorical teaching. It is called "the English Bestiary," and describes the supposed distinguishing qualities of twelve familiar creatures, — the lion, eagle, serpent, ant, stag, wolf, spider, whale, siren, elephant, turtle-dove, and panther, — and from each of these the writer derives some practical moral application. A thirteenth creature, the culver, or pigeon, is described in eighteen lines which are added as a kind of supplement. Four lines of this addendum are used for introduction, one for each of the bird's seven qualities, and one for the moral application of each of these qualities. "She has no gall — we also should be simple and soft; she does not live on prey — we also should not rob; she leaves the worm, and lives upon the seed — we need the love of Christ; she is as a mother to other birds — so should we be to each other; her song is like lament — let us lament we have done wrong; she sees the hawk's coming mirrored in the water — and we are warned in sacred books against the seizure by the devil; she makes her nest in a hole of the rock — and our best hope is in Christ's mercy."

The most remarkable compilation of fables intended for moral instruction is the "Gesta Romanorum," a volume of stories written in Latin, and derived from Roman, German, and oriental sources. These stories were very popular among the monks of the middle ages, who used them for the purpose of arousing attention and stimulating that blind and uninquiring devotion which was so remarkable a characteristic of the times. Of the influence which they have had on English poetry we have abundant evidence. Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and all the earlier writers borrowed from them. The poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan Age make frequent mention of them. George Chapman in his "May-Day" (1606) refers to some one who has read Marcus Aurelius and the "Gesta Romanorum," and yet suffers himself "to be led by the nose like a blind beare that has read nothing." From some of the stories Shakespeare doubtless derived no little material for his plays. The poetry and romance of later writers occasionally bear the marks of indebtedness to this mediæval storehouse of fiction. Of course only a limited portion of the one hundred and eighty-one tales comprised in the collection are, strictly speaking, allegories; yet all were so regarded by the monks who used them, and an ingenious moralization was subjoined to each, for the purpose of reducing it into a religious or moral lesson. The following is a fair sample of these stories:—

The "Gesta Romanorum."

TALE XXX. — "A certain king determined on the occasion of some victory to appoint three special honors and an equal number of disagreeable accompaniments. The first of the honors was that the people should meet the conqueror with acclamations and every other testimony of pleasure. The second, that all the captives, bound hand and foot, should attend the victor's chariot. The third honor was that, enwrapped in the tunic of Jupiter, he should sit upon a triumphal car, drawn by four white horses, and be thus brought to the capital. But lest these exalted rewards should swell the heart and make the favorite of fortune forget his birth and mortal character, three causes of annoyance were attached to them. First, a slave sat on his right hand in the chariot — which served to hint that poverty and unmerited degradation were no bars to the subsequent attainment of the highest dignities. The second annoyance was that the slave should inflict upon him several severe blows, to abate the haughtiness which the applause of his countrymen might tend to excite — at the same time saying to him 'Nosce te ipsum' (that is, *know thyself*), 'and permit not thy exaltation to render thee proud. Look behind thee and remember that thou art mortal.' The third annoyance was this, that free license was given

upon that day of triumph to utter the most galling reproaches and the most cutting sarcasms against the victor while enjoying his triumph.

“*Application*: My beloved, the emperor is our heavenly Father; and the conqueror our Lord Jesus Christ, who has obtained a glorious victory over sin. The first honor typifies His entry into Jerusalem when the people shouted ‘Hosanna to the son of David!’ The second, those enslaved by sin. The third, Christ’s divinity. The four white horses are the four evangelists. The slave is the worst of the two robbers crucified with our Lord. The second grievance is the blows He received; and the third, the indignities with which He was overwhelmed.”

From the twelfth to the fifteenth century was the age of vision and mystery. Hence it was preëminently the age of allegory. Every written work, whether of history or of fable, was believed to have a hidden or secondary meaning, to the discovery of which the energies of scholars, poets, and priests were directed. The mythic stories of Greece and Rome were made to prefigure the truths of religion in a manner which in another age would have been thought irreverent, if not, indeed, grossly impious. The story of Prometheus, who brought fire from heaven to animate a form of clay, was said to symbolize the creation of man from the dust of the earth, and the act of the Creator in breathing into him the spirit of life. Bacchus, twice born, — first of Semele and then of Jupiter, — was the type of the Saviour, born of God and of the Virgin Mary. Minerva, who sprang from the brain of Jupiter, was the symbol of Christ who proceeded from God without a mother. In Actæon, pursued and killed by his own hounds, was seen the Saviour, persecuted and slain by his own creatures. “The poet Lycophron relates that Hercules, in returning from the adventure of the golden fleece, was shipwrecked; and that, being swallowed by a monstrous fish, he was disgorged alive on the shore after three days. Here was an obvious symbol of Christ’s resurrection.”

This custom of allegorical interpretation was at once the cause and the result of the universal taste for allegorical compositions — a taste which for a time modified the whole texture of European literature. To be able to represent one thing under the similitude of another, to personify the passions and the abstract qualities of the human mind, to give corporeal existence to the virtues and vices, came to be regarded as an exhibition of the highest forms of literary workmanship. For two centuries and a half the most popular of all writings was the allegory.

The Vision of William Concerning Piers Ploughman.



IN the reign of Edward the Third, a poet, of whose name we are not quite sure and of whose life we know almost nothing, wrote a series of allegorical poems, designed as a judicious satire upon the vices of the time and especially the abuses current among the religious orders. From the name of the ideal character who figures as a sort of hero in one of these poems, the work is generally called "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," or more properly, "The Vision of William concerning Piers Ploughman." Whether the writer's name was William or Robert, Langley, or Langland, it matters little, neither are the critics entirely agreed. From his intimate knowledge of the Scriptures and his deeply reverential manner, we are led to believe that he was a priest or monk, connected perhaps with some one of the orders which he so vigorously satirized. The mention of the Malvern Hills and of other localities near the Welsh border makes it seem probable that the poem was composed in that part of Britain; and other internal evidences, especially the reference to a memorable storm which occurred "on a Saturday at even," fix the date of the beginning of its composition at about the year 1362. The work consists of twenty-three passus or parts, and describes a series of nine

distinct visions or dreams which the writer is supposed to have had while sleeping on the Malvern Hills.¹

In a somer seson, when soft was the sonne,
 I shope² me in shroudes,³ as I a shepe⁴ were,
 In habit as an heremite,⁵ unholy of werkes,⁶
 Went wide in this world, wonders to here.
 Ac on a May morning, on Malverne hulles,
 Me byfel a ferly of fairy methought.⁷
 I was very forwandered,⁸ and went me to rest
 Under a brode banke, by a bornes⁹ side.
 And as I lay and lened, and loked in the wateres,
 I slombered in a slepyng, it sweveyed¹⁰ so merye.

In his first dream, the poet sees "all manner of men, working and wandering as the world asketh." Among

¹ ALLITERATIVE POETRY. In form the "Vision of Piers Ploughman" is the latest survival and the most perfect English specimen of the alliterative poetry of the Anglo-Saxons. Each line consists of two readily separable parts or sections, and in each of these sections there are two strongly accented syllables. The rhythm of the verse depends upon the position of these syllables. Otherwise there is no metre. Three of these syllables in each line — two in the first section and one in the second — begin with what is called the "rime-letter." The rime-letter may be a consonant or a combination of consonants, as *sh*, *th*, *br*, *bl*, etc., in which case it must be the same in all three of the syllables. But if it is a vowel, as sometimes happens, it is only necessary that all should be vowels, and they are generally, but not always, different. Example: —

Love is the **p**lant of **p**eace and most **p**recious of **v**irtues,
 For **H**eaven might not **h**olden it, so **h**eavy it **s**eeméd,
 Till it had of the **e**arth **e**aten his **f**ill.

It will be observed that the fourth strongly accented syllable in the line does not begin with the rime-letter. Of course, in practice, the variations from these rules are quite frequent.

² dressed.

³ clothes.

⁴ sheep. That is, not as a pastor or shepherd, but as a layman, or sheep.

⁵ In style of a hermit.

⁶ Doing secular work.

⁷ To me befel a series of illusions, methought.

⁸ wearied.

⁹ brook's.

¹⁰ dreamed.

them is the maid Meed, or worldly reward, who is about to be married to Falsehood. Theology forbids such a marriage, and the question is submitted to the king, who thereupon proposes that Meed be wedded to Conscience. But Conscience demurs, and says:—

“Crist it me forbede !
 Er I wedde swich a wife, wo me bitide !
 For she is frele¹ of hire feith, fikele of hire speche
 And maketh men mysdo many score times ;
 Trust of hire treson² bitrayeth ful manye.”

Afterwards, however, it is agreed to submit the matter to Reason for decision. Finally the king is so fully convinced of the wisdom of the latter that he announces his intention to rule henceforth as he shall direct. Just at this point the author “wakes of his wynking,” and fain would continue his ramble. But having not yet recovered from his weariness, he walked only about a furlong farther and then

sat softly a-down
 And seide his bileve,³
 And so⁴ he bablede on his bedes,
 Thei broughte him a-slepe.

And during this second sleep he dreams that Reason is preaching to a “field full of folk,” telling them that the pestilence which was abroad in the land was a punishment for their sins, and that the “south-western wind on a Saturday at even”⁵ was manifestly a warning against pride. Influenced by Reason’s preaching and the exhortations of Repentance and Hope, a multitude of sinners set out together to search for Truth.

¹ frail. ² worth. ³ creed, prayer. ⁴ as. ⁵ January 15, 1362.

Now¹ riden this folk and walken on foot
 To seek that saint in sel couthe² lands.
 But there were few men so wise that couth³ the way thither,
 But bustling forth as beasts, over valleys and hills,
 (For while they went their owen will they went all amiss),
 Till it was late and long that they a leod⁴ metten,
 Appareled as a palmer,⁵ in pilgrim's weeds.⁶
 He bore a burden i-bound with a broad list,⁷
 In a withe-bound way i-wrappen about.
 A bag and a bowl he bore by his side ;
 An hundred of ampolles⁸ on his hat satten,
 Signs of Sinai and shells of Galys ;
 Many crosses on his cloak, and keys of Rome,
 And the vernicle⁹ before, for men should him know,
 And see by these signs, whom he sought had.

Being asked whence he came, the palmer answered :—

“ From Sinai and from the sepulchre ;
 From Bethlehem and Babylon : I have been in both,
 In India and in Assye and in many other places.
 Ye may see by my signs that sit on my hat
 That I have walked full wide in wet and in dry,
 And sought good saints for my soul to heal.”

The pilgrims ask him if he has seen that holy being whom men call Saint Truth ; and he declares with an oath that he has not, neither has he until now seen any palmer with pike and scrip seeking for such a saint. Then suddenly Piers Ploughman, the type of the meek and the pure-hearted to whom God has promised heav-

¹ The spelling in this and the following extracts has been modernized.

² little known. ³ knew. ⁴ person.

⁵ pilgrim. ⁶ clothes. ⁷ band of cloth.

⁸ Small vessels for holy water or oil.

⁹ A copy of a small picture of Christ said to have been miraculously imprinted on a handkerchief still preserved in St. Peter's at Rome.

en's kingdom, is introduced. Saint Truth? Yes, he knows that saint, as naturally as a clerk knows his books. He has been Truth's fellow these forty winters: Has both sowed his seed, and "suwed"¹ his beasts; has reaped his corn and carried it to the barn; has digged and delved, and done his bidding within and without.

"And if ye will i-wit² where that he dwelleth
I will wissen³ you the way home to his place."

The wanderers gladly agreeing to follow his directions, he tells them that such as would find Truth

"Mote⁴ go through meekness, both man and wife,
Till ye come unto Conscience, that Christ know the truth
That ye love him liever⁵ than the life in your hearts,
And then your neighbors next."

Then they must go forward until they find the brook "Be-buxom-of-speech," and at the ford "Honor-your-fathers" they must wash themselves well — "and ye shall leap the more lightly all your life time." Then shall they come by a "croft"⁶ called "Covet-not" which they are warned not to enter. They are to pass the stocks "Steal-not" and "Slay-not," and a brook "Bear-no-false-witness." After this they will arrive at a court, "clear as the sun," and at a tower, "set above the sun," wherein Truth dwells.

Then many of the company began to make excuses why they should not go at once in search of Truth by the way which Piers the Ploughman had pointed out. "Yea," quoth one "I have bought a piece of ground,

¹ followed.

² understand.

³ teach, show.

⁴ must.

⁵ better.

⁶ a small village.

and now must I thither to see how I like it," and took leave of Piers. Another said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and therefore I must go with a good will at once to drive them; therefore, I pray you, Piers, if peradventure you meet Truth, so tell him, that I may be excused." Quoth Contemplation, "Though I suffer care, famine, and want, yet will I follow Piers. But the way is so difficult that, without a guide to go with us, we may take a wrong turning."

Then Piers said, "I have a half-acre by the road-side, which if I had ploughed and seeded, I would go with you and teach you the way." Then he set to work ploughing his half-acre, and many of the pilgrims helped him. But some of them sat idly about and sang "Hoy, trolly, lolly!" And when urged to work with the threat that not a grain should gladden them in time of need, they pleaded that they were blind, or lame, and could not work. "But we pray for you, Piers, and for your plough, too, that God of his grace will multiply your grain and reward you for your almesse that ye give us here. We have no limbs to labor with. We thank the Lord." These idlers finally became riotous, and Piers called in Hunger to subdue them. Hunger had no mercy on them, and they, in fear of him, hastened to do whatever labor was at hand. Even the friars of all the five orders worked. Then as Hunger was about to depart, Piers asked his advice. "Truth," said he, "once taught me to love them all. Teach me, Sir Hunger, how to master them, and make them love the labor for their living."

"Give them beans," answered Hunger. "If any object, bid him 'Go work'; and he shall sup the sweeter when he hath deserved."

“It was not yet harvest, and there was nothing to be had but a little curds and cream, an oat-cake, a few loaves of beans and pease, parsley, onions, half-red cherries, a cow and her calf, and a cart-mare. But the poor people brought what they could to feed Hunger, who ate all in haste, and asked for more. But when it was harvest-time, and the new corn was in, Hunger ate and was satisfied, and went away. And then the beggars would eat only the finest bread, they would take no half-penny ale—only the best and the brownest that the brewsters sell. Laborers, who had only their hands to live by, would not dine upon worts more than one night old, or penny ale and a piece of bacon, but must have fresh meat and fish, hot and hotter, because their stomachs were a-cold. They would chide if they had not high wages, and curse the laws; but they strove not so when Hunger frowned upon them. Here the poet, reading signs of the stars according to the astrology that formed part of the undoubted science of his day, warned his countrymen, by the aspect of Saturn, that Hunger was coming back; for famine and pestilence were on the way to them again. It was a sad prediction which, in those days, must needs be fulfilled. The next of the great pestilences followed a sore famine in 1382.”¹

The poet next represents Truth as sending to Piers and commanding him to till the earth; and a full pardon was promised to him and to all who labored with him or protected him. And here is introduced a tender picture of peasant life, of the sorrows of the mother and the children:—

¹ Morley's "English Writers," vol. iv.

And woe in winter-time with waking a-nights
 To rise to the ruel,¹ to rock the cradle,
 Both to card and to comb, to clouten² and to wash,
 To run and to rely,³ rushes to pilie,⁴
 That ruth⁵ is to read other⁶ in rhyme shewe
 The woe of these women that woneth in cotes.⁷

Finally Piers engages in a dispute with a priest concerning the form of the pardon which he had received from Truth. Piers read it to the company:—

*“Qui bona egerunt ibunt in vitam eternam ;
 Qui vero mala, in ignem aeternum.”*⁸

“That is no pardon,” said the priest. “It says only this:—

“Do well and Have well, and God shall have thy soul ;
 Do ill and Have ill, and hope thou none other
 But he that ill liveth shall have an ill end.”

While this dispute was still being carried on, the Dreamer awoke. The sun was far in the south, and rising to his feet he walked a mile over Malvern Hill, pondering on the meaning of the vision which he had seen. Did it not mean that

Whoso doth well here, at the day of doom
 Worth faire underfong⁹ before God that time ?
 So Do-wel passeth pardon and pilgrimages to Rome.
 Yet hath the Pope power to grant,
 As lettered men us leerth¹⁰ and law of Holy-Church.
 And so I believe loyally, lords forbid else,
 That pardon and penance and prayers do save
 Souls that have sinned seven siths¹¹ deadly.

¹ ruel, spinning-wheel. ² clouten, to patch. ³ rely, reel.

⁴ pilie, peel. ⁵ ruth, pity. ⁶ other, or. ⁷ dwelleth in cots.

⁸ See John v. 29. ⁹ received. ¹⁰ teacheth. ¹¹ times.

But at the great assize such pardons will be of little worth compared with the record of a worthy life.

At the dreadful day of doom when dead men shullen rise,
 And comen all before Christ accounts to yield
 How we had our life here and his laws kept,
 And how we did day by day, the doom will rehearse :
 A poke¹ full of pardon there, ne provincials letters,
 Though we be found in fraternity of all five orders,²
 And have indulgences doublefold, but³ Do-wel us help,
 I set by pardon not a pea nother⁴ a pye-heel.⁵
 Forthi⁶ ich⁷ counsel all Christians to cry God mercy
 And Mary his mother be our mene⁸ to him,
 That God give us grace here, ere we go hence,
 Such works to work while we ben here
 That after our death day Do-wel rehearse
 At the day of doom, we did as he taught. — Amen.

Here ends the first part of this remarkable poem. The second part describes the Dreamer's search for Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-best, and introduces personifications of many of the commoner virtues and vices. Lying under a tree and listening to the songs of the birds, he falls asleep, and sees his third vision. A man like to himself calls him by name.

“What art thou?” quoth I, “that my name thou knowest?”
 “That wotst⁹ thou, Will,” quoth he, “and no wight¹⁰ better.
 “Wot I?” quoth I; “Who art thou?” “Thought,” said he
 then;
 “I have thee served this seven year. Saw thou me no
 rather¹¹?”

¹ pocket.

² The five orders of mendicant or begging friars, viz. the Franciscans, the Dominicans, the Carmelites, the Minorites, and the Augustines.

³ unless.

⁴ nor, neither.

⁵ magpie's heel.

⁶ on that account, therefore.

⁷ I.

⁸ mediator.

⁹ knowest.

¹⁰ person.

¹¹ sooner.

“Art thou Thought?” quoth I then, “thou coutest¹ me
wisse²

“Where that Do-wel dwelleth, and do me to know.”

“Do-wel and Do-bet,” quoth he, “and Do-best the third,
Beeth three fair virtues, and beeth not far to find.

Whoso is true of his tongue and of his two hands,
And through leal³ labor liveth and loveth his em-Christian,⁴
And thereto is true of his tale and holds well his hands,
Not drunken nor disdainful, Do-wel him followeth.

Do-bet doth all this, ac yet he doth more :

He is low as a lamb and lovely of speech

And helpeth heartily all men of that he may spare.

The bags and the by-girdles he hath to-broke⁵ them all

That the Earl Avarous held and his heirs,

And of Mammons money made him many friends,

And is run into religion, and rendreth his Bible,

And preacheth to the people Saint Paul’s words :

*Libenter sufferitis insipientes, cum sitis ipsi sapientes.*⁶

Do-best bear should the bishop’s cross

And hale⁷ with the hooked end ill men to good,

And with the point put down *prevaricatores legis*,

Lords that liven as them lust⁸ and no law accounten,

For their muck⁹ and their meuble¹⁰ such men thinken

That no bishop should their bidding withsit.¹¹

But Do-best should not dreaden them, but do as God
highte,¹²

*Nolite timere eos qui possunt occidere corpus.*¹³

And so the Dreamer sets out on his journey to the dwelling of Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-best. At the suggestion of Thought, he finds Wit and inquires the way. Wit, who was

Long and lean and like to none other,

¹ canst.

² show.

⁸ honest.

⁴ even or fellow Christian.

⁶ broken up.

⁶ 2 Cor. xi. 19.

⁷ pull, drag.

⁸ please, choose.

⁹ “filthy lucre.”

¹⁰ goods, property.

¹¹ withstand.

¹² bids.

¹³ See Matthew x. 28.

answers his questions, and at the same time delivers a somewhat rambling lecture upon religious subjects and some pointed lessons regarding some of the moral virtues. Study, who is the wife of Wit, thereupon upbraids him for giving his wisdom to fools,

And said, *Noli mittere*, ye men, margerie-pearls
Among hogges¹ that haven haws at will.

And she cautions him to beware, also, of showing Holy Writ to swine. Finally, she directs the Dreamer to Clergy, whom he will find by the highway To-suffer-both-weal-and-much-woe. Clergy, when found, tells the Dreamer that in order to reach Do-wel he must obey the Ten Commandments and believe in Christ; and he delivers a moral lecture in which occurs a curious passage that has been regarded by some as a prophecy of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, some two hundred years later:—

And there shall come a king, and confess your religions,
And beat you as the bible telleth, for breaking of your rule:
And amend moniales, monks, and canons.
And then friars in their freytor² shall find a key
Of Constantine's coffers, in which is the catal³
That Gregory's godchildren had it dispended.
And than shall the abbot of Abingdon, and all his issue for
ever,
Have a knock of a king, and incurable the wound.

At the conclusion, the Dreamer exclaims:—

“This is a long lesson, and little am I the wiser.”

The visions which follow—there are nine in all—are of a similar kind, introducing new personifications of

¹ See Matthew vii. 6.

² refectory.

³ wealth.

moral and intellectual qualities and mildly satirizing the prevalent vices of society and the corruptions of the Church. In the end, Piers, the humble ploughman, is identified with Christ; and the poet describes the Saviour's passion, his descent into hell, the founding of the Church, and the coming of antichrist. The stronghold of the Church is attacked by an army of priests and monks, and Conscience, deserted and almost despairing, cries out for help. But, no one coming, he takes a pilgrim's staff and vows that he will wander over the wide world to seek Piers the Ploughman. "Now, Kind, avenge me, and send me hap and hele till I have Piers Ploughman!" And after that he cried aloud upon Grace, and the poet awoke.



SELECTIONS FROM "PIERS PLOUGHMAN."

CONSCIENCE, THE PREACHER.

The Kyng and his Knihtes
to the Churche wenten
To heere Matyns and Masse
and to the Mete afterr.
Then waked I of my wink
me was wo with alle
That I nedde sadloker i-slept
and i-sege more.
Er I a furlong hedde i-fare,
a feyntise me hente,
That forther mihti not a-fote
for defaute of sleep.
I sat softeliche a-doun
and seide my bileve,
And so I habledde on my beodes,
thei brouhte me a-slepe.

The king and his knights
to the church went
To hear matins and mass
and to their meat after.
Then waked I of my dream
and was sorrowful withal
That I had not more soundly slept
and seen more.
Before I a furlong had gone
a faintness me seized,
That I further could not go
for want of sleep.
I sat softly adown
and said my creed,
And as I counted my beads
they put me to sleep.

Then sauh I muche more
 then I beofore tolde,
 For I sauh the feld ful of folk
 that ich of bi-fore schewede,
 And Concience with a crois
 com for to preche.
 He preide the peple
 haue pite of hem-selue,
 And preued that this pestilences
 weore for puire synne,
 And this south westerne wynt
 on a Seterday at euen
 Was a-perteliche for pruide
 and for no poynt elles.
 Piries and plomtres
 weore passchet to the grounde,
 In ensauple to men
 that we scholde do the bettre.
 Beches and brode okes
 weore blowen to the eorthe,
 And turned upward the tayl
 in toknyng of drede
 That dedly Synne or domesday
 schulde fordon hem alle.
 Of this matere I mihte
 momele ful longe,
 Bote I sigge as I sauh
 (so me god helpe) !
 How Concience with a crois
 comsede to preche.
 He bad wastors go worche
 what thei best couthe,
 And wynne that thei wasteden
 with sum maner craft.
 He preigede Pernel
 hire porfil to leue,
 And kepen hit in hire cofre,
 for catel at neode.
 He warned Watte
 his wyf was to blame,
 That hire hed was worth a mark
 and his hod worth a grote.
 He chargede chapmen
 to chasten heore children;
 Let hem wonte non eige,
 while that thei ben yonge.

Then saw I much more
 than I before told,
 For I saw the field full of folk
 that I before showed.
 And Conscience with a cross
 came for to preach.
 He advised the people
 to have pity of themselves,
 And proved that these pestilences
 were for pure sin,
 And this south-western wind
 on a Saturday evening
 Was a punishment for pride
 and for nothing else.
 Pear-trees and plum-trees
 were pushed to the ground
 For example to men
 that we should do better.
 Beeches and broad oaks
 were blown to the earth,
 And turned upward their roots
 in sign of fear
 That deadly sin or doomsday
 should destroy them all.
 Of this matter I might
 chatter full long,
 But I tell what I saw
 (so God help me) !
 How Conscience with a cross
 commenced to preach.
 He bade idlers go work
 as best they knew how,
 And win what they wasted
 with some kind of craft.
 He advised Penelope
 her embroidery to leave,
 And keep it in her chest
 for money and needs.
 He warned Wat
 that his wife was to blame,
 That her head was worth a mark
 and his hood worth a farthing.
 He charged business men
 to chastise their children ;
 Let them want no eye
 while they are young.

He preyede preestes
 and prelates to-gedere,
 That thei prechen the peple
 to preuen hit in hem-seluen —
 “And libben as ge lereth us,
 we wolen loue ow the betere.”

He prayed the priests
 and prelates together,
 That what they preach to the peple
 to practise in themselves —
 “And live as you teach us,
 we will love you the better.”

ENVY.

Envye with heui herte
 asket aftur schrift,
 And gretliche his gultus
 bi-ginneth to schewe.
 As pale as a pelet
 in a palesye he seemede,
 I-clothed in a caurimauri
 I couthe him not discreue.
 A kertil and a courtepy,
 a knyf be his side;
 Of a freris frokke
 were the fore sleuys.
 As a leek that hedde i-leigen
 longe in the sonne,
 So loked he with lene chekes;
 lourede he foule.
 His bodi was bolled,
 for wraththe he bot his lippes,
 Wrothliche he wrong his fust;
 he thougte him a-wreke
 With werkes or with wordes,
 whon he seig his tyme.

“Whon I come to the churche
 and knele bi-fore the Roode,
 And scholde preige for the peple
 as the prest vs techeth,
 Thenne I crie vppon my knes
 that Crist giue hem serwe
 That hath i-bore a-wei my bolle
 and my brode schete.
 From the auter I turne
 myn eige, and bi-holde
 Hou Heyne hath a newe Cote
 and his wyf another;

Envy with heavy heart
 sought for confession,
 And greatly his guiltiness
 began to shew.
 As pale as a palet
 in a palsy he seemed,
 Clothed in a caurimauri
 which I cannot describe.
 A kirtle and a short cloak,
 a knife by his side;
 Of a friar's dress
 were the fore sleeves.
 As a leek that had lain
 long in the sun,
 So looked he with lean cheeks;
 scowled he wickedly.
 His body was swollen;
 for wrath he bit his lips;
 Angrily he wrung his fist;
 he thought to avenge himself
 With works or with words,
 when he saw his time.

“When I come to the church
 and kneel before the cross,
 And should pray for the peple,
 as the priest teacheth us,
 Then I cry, upon my knees,
 that Christ give them sorrow
 That hath carried away my bowl
 and my wide sheet.
 From the altar I turn
 my eyes, and behold
 How Heyne (Henry?) hath a new
 coat
 and his wife another;

Thenne I wussche hit weore myn
 and al the web aftur.
 Of his leosing I lauhwe,
 hit liketh me in myn herte;
 Ac for his wynnyng I wepe
 and weile the tyme.
 I deme men that don ille
 and git I do wel worse,
 For I wolde that vch a wiht
 in this world were mi knaue,
 And who-so hath more thanne I
 that angrith myn herte.
 Thus I liue loueles
 lyk a luther dogge,
 That all my breste bolleth
 for bitter of my galle;
 May no suger so swete
 a-swagen hit vnnethe,
 Ne no diopendion
 dryne hit from myn herte;
 Gif schrift schulde hit thenne swo-
 pen out
 a gret wonder hit were."

Then I wish it were mine
 and all the cloth besides.
 At his losing I laugh,—
 it pleaseth me in my heart;
 And for his winning I weep
 and deplore all the time.
 I condemn men that do ill,
 and yet I do worse,
 For I would that every one
 in this world were my servant,
 And if any one hath more than I,
 it grieveth my heart.
 Thus I live loveless
 like a wretched dog,
 And all my breast swelleth
 for the bitterness of my gall;
 No sweet sugar may
 scarcely assuage it,
 Nor any electuary
 drive it from my heart;
 If confession should sweep it out,
 a great wonder it would be."

THE TOWER OF TRUTH.

Thenne schaltou come to a court
 cleer as the sonne,
 The mot is of merci
 the maner al abouten,
 And all the walles beth of wit
 to hold wil theroute;
 The carnels beth of Cristendam
 the kuynde to saue,
 Brutaget with the bileeue
 wher-thorw we moten beo sauet.
 Alle the houses beoth i-hulet
 halles and chaumbres,
 With no led bote with loue-
 as-bretheren-of-o-wombe.
 The Tour ther treuthe is inne
 i-set is aboute the sonne ;

Then shall you come to a court
 bright as the sun,
 The moat is of mercy
 all about the manor,
 And all the walls are of common-
 sense
 to hold desire thereout;
 The battlements are of Christendom
 the kind¹ to save,
 Buttressed with the faith
 through which we may be saved.
 All the houses are covered
 halls and chambers.
 With no lead but with love-
 as-brethren-of-one-birth.
 The tower in which Truth is,
 is set above the sun;

¹ Mankind.

He may do with the day-sterre
 what him deore lyketh.
 Deth dar not do
 thing that he defendeth.
 Grace hette the gate-ward,
 a good mon forsothe;
 His mon hette a-mende-thou,
 for mony men him knoweth;
 Tel him this tokene,
 for treuthe wot the sothe;
 "I performede penaunce
 that the prest me en-ioynede;
 I am sori for my sunnes
 and so schal I euere
 Whon I thenke ther-on,
 thaug I weore a pope."
 Bidde a-mende-thou Meken him
 to his mayster ones,
 To wynne vp the wicket-gat
 that the wey schutte,
 Tho that Adam and Eue
 eeten heore bone;
 For he hath the key of the cliket

 thaug the kyng slepe.
 And gif grace the graunte
 to gon in in this wyse,
 Thou schalt seo treuthe him-self
 sitten in thin herte.
 Thenne loke that thou loue him wel
 and his lawe holde. . . .
 Ak ther beoth seuen sustren
 that seruen treuthe euere
 And ben porters at posternes
 that to the place longen.
 That on hette Abstinence
 and Humilitie a-nother,
 Charite and Chastite
 beoth tweyne ful choyse maidenens,
 Pacience and Pees
 muche peple helpen,
 Largesse the ladi
 ledeth in ful monye.
 Bote hose is sib to this sustren

 so me god helpe!

He may do with the day-star
 what pleaseth him best.
 Death dare not attack
 the thing that he defendeth.
 Grace is called the gate-keeper,
 a good man in truth;
 His man is called "Amend-thou,"
 for many men know him;
 Tell him this pass-word,
 for Truth knows the truth;
 "I performed the penance
 that the priest on me enjoined;
 I am sorry for my sins,
 and so shall I ever be
 When I think thereon,
 though I should be a pope."
 Bid "Amend-thou" humble him
 to his master once,
 To raise up the wicket-gate
 that closes the way,
 Though Adam and Eve
 did eat to their ruin;
 For he hath the key to the door-
 latch,
 though the king may sleep.
 And if grace is granted thee
 to go in in this way,
 Thou shalt see Truth himself
 sitting in thy heart.
 Then see that thou love him well
 and observe his law. . . .
 And then there are seven sisters
 that serve Truth forever,
 And porters and gate-keepers
 that belong to the place.
 One is called Abstinence,
 and another Humility,
 Charity and Chastity,
 both of them choice maidens,
 Patience and Peace,
 many people to aid,
 Bounty, the lady,
 leadeth in full many.
 But whoso is related to these sis-
 ters —
 so God help me! —

Is wonderliche wel-comen
 and feire vnderfonge.
 And hote ge ben gibbe
 to summe of theos seuene,
 Hit is ful hard, bi myn hed!
 eny of ow alle
 To gete in-goynge at that gat
 bote grace beo the more.
 "Bi Crist," quath a cutte-pors,
 "I haue no kun there!"
 "No," quath an apeward,
 "for nout that I knowe!"
 "I-wis," quath a wafere,
 "wust I this for sothe,
 Schulde I neuere forthere a fote
 for no freres prechinge."
 "Gus," quath Pers the Ploughmon
 and prechede hire to goode,
 "Merci is a mayden ther
 and hath miht ouer hem alle;
 Heo is sib to alle synful men
 an hire sone also;
 And thorw the help of hem two
 (hope thou non other),
 Thou maigt gete grace ther,
 so that thou go bi-tyme."

Is wonderfully welcome
 and fairly received.
 And except ye be akin
 to some of these seven
 It is full hard, by my head!
 for any of you all
 To get entrance at that gate
 unless Grace be the greater.
 "By Christ," cried a cut-purse,
 "I have no kin there!"
 "No," answered an ape-keeper,
 "I knowe for anything I know."
 "Truly," quoth a traveller,
 "if I knew this for sure,
 I would never go forward a foot
 for any friar's preaching."
 "Yes," said Piers Ploughman,
 and exhorted them to goodness,
 "Mercy is a maiden there,
 and hath power over them all;
 She is akin to all sinful men
 and her son also;
 And through the help of these two
 (hope you for no other),
 You may obtain grace there,
 if only you go be-times."

THE ADVICE OF HUNGER.

Ete not, ich hote the,
 til hunger the take,
 And sende the sum of his sauce
 to sauer the the betere;
 Keep sum til soper tyme,
 and sit thou not to longe;
 Arys vp ar appetyt
 habbe i-getsen his fulle.
 Let not Sir Surfet
 sitten at thi bord;
 Loue him not, for he is a lechour
 and likerous of tonge,
 And aftur mony metes
 his maw is a-longet.

Eat not, I advise thee,
 till Hunger takes thee
 And sends thee some of his sauce,
 to savor thee the better;
 Keep some till supper-time,
 and sit thou not too long;
 Arise up ere Appetite
 has gotten his fill.
 Let not Sir Surfet
 sit at thy board;
 Love him not, for he is Lechery
 and vile of speech,
 And after many meals
 his stomach is still craving.

The Romaunt of the Rose.



ABOUT the middle of the thirteenth century a Frenchman, a Trouvère named Guillaume de Lorris, began to write a long allegorical poem describing the experiences of a lover. The scene of the poem is the Garden of Delight, and into it are admitted only such characters as Beauty, Pleasure, Jollity, Wealth, Courtesy, Youth, and Love. The Rose is the emblem of Beauty, and the story of the quest of that flower is the "Roman de la Rose." Of the life of Guillaume de Lorris nothing is known, although visitors to the little town of Lorris are still shown an old house in which it is said he was born. Having written 4070 lines of his great allegory, he stopped abruptly. Why he should thus leave his poem incomplete, no one knows. Perhaps death surprised him in the midst of his work. A few lines written as a kind of marginal note by some unknown hand at the end of what he had completed seem to tell the story:—

Cy endroit trespassa Guillaume
De Loris, et n'en fist plus pseaulme ;
Mais, après plus que quarante ans,
Maitre Jehan de Meung ce romans
Parfist, ainsi comme je treuve ;
Et ici commence son œuvre.

Here William died ; his song was done.
When forty years had passed away,
Sir John the romance carried on,
And, here commencing, told the lay.

Of Jean de Meung ("Sir John"), who completed Guillaume de Lorris's work by adding to it 18,002 lines, we know very little more than we do of his predecessor. The towns of Lorris and Meung are both in the valley of the Loire, being not more than forty miles distant from each other. Jean de Meung was a somewhat voluminous writer, and he seems to have been held in some favor at the court of King Philip the Fair. In another work of his he says that "God gave him to serve the greatest people in France." In that part of the "Roman de la Rose" which he wrote he fell far short of Guillaume de Lorris in picturesqueness of description and, if you will, in brilliancy of imagination. But he more than made amends by keeping in touch with the awakening spirit of the times. His part of the poem is satirical, aggressive, fairly alive with the thought of the age. "Jean de Meung," says Walter Besant, "wished, it seems to me, to write a book for the people, to answer their questions, to warn them of dangers before them, and to instruct their ignorance. On the sapless trunk of a dying and passionless allegory he grafts a living branch which shall bear fruit in the years to come. His poem breathes, indeed. Its pulses beat with a warm human life. Its sympathies are with all mankind. The poet has a tear for the poor, naked beggars dying on dung-heaps and in the Hôtel-Dieu, and a lash of scorpions for the Levite who goes by on the other side ; he teaches the loveliness of friendship ; he catches the wordless complaint of the

poor, and gives it utterance; he speaks with a scorn which Voltaire only has equalled, and a revolutionary fearlessness surpassing that of D'Alembert or Diderot. His book was absolutely the only cheerful book of his time."

For two hundred and fifty years this allegory, the "Roman de la Rose," was the most popular poem in France. Nor was its popularity confined within the boundaries of its native country. It was recited and admired throughout Europe. Clément Marot published an edition of it in the sixteenth century; and Étienne Pasquier declared that he preferred it to the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. It was the source "whence its readers drew their maxims of morality, their science, their history, and even their religion." It was translated into at least one other tongue, and was imitated to some extent by the most popular poets of the next two centuries.

But, aside from its intrinsic merits and any other influence which it exerted upon the literature and the thought of the age, the "Roman de la Rose" possesses a special interest to the student of English literature. It was to this allegory that Geoffrey Chaucer¹ owed much of his earlier inspiration; and it is to him that the "Romaunt of the Rose," an English

¹ Geoffrey Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," was born in London. The date of his birth is not positively known, some placing it in 1328, others in 1340. He was a page in the royal household, served in the army, and was taken prisoner in France in 1359. He was afterwards a squire to King Edward III, and was the royal commissioner to Italy in 1372. In 1386 he was elected to Parliament from Kent. His old age was full of misfortune, and he died poor in 1400. His greatest work was the series of poems known as the "Canterbury Tales." He wrote, also, many shorter poems, some of which are noticed more fully in the following pages.

translation of a large portion of the famous French poem is generally attributed.¹ The "Romaunt" is a close rendering of the original, following it almost line for line and word for word, with only an occasional omission or now and then a slight expansion for the sake of greater clearness. It includes the whole of the part written by Guillaume de Lorris and about one-fifth of Jean de Meung's addition. If it is the work of Chaucer, it must have been written near the beginning of his literary career, certainly not later than the close of the third quarter of the fourteenth century.

The allegory begins, as do almost all such poems, with a dream — with a May morning and a walk among springing leaves and budding flowers, the birds singing in the trees and the joyous sun just beginning his daily course.

In time of love and jolité
 That all thing 'ginneth waxen gay,
 For there is neither busk² nor hay³
 In May, that it n'll shrouded⁴ been
 And it with new leaves wrene.⁵ . . .
 Then doth the nightingale her might
 To maken noise and singen blithe,
 Then is blissful many a sithe⁶

¹ Many of the later and abler critics contend that this is not a work of Chaucer's. They found their opinion chiefly upon some peculiarities of rhyme, etc., wherein it differs from any of the known works of Chaucer. But Humphry Ward says: "Translate the 'Romaunt' he certainly did, and the impression it made upon him was deep and lasting. On the one hand it furnished him with a whole allegorical mythology, as well as with his stock landscape, his stock device of the Dream, and even (we may at least imagine) confirmed him in the choice of the flowing eight-syllabled couplet for the 'Hous of Fame'; and, on the other, it furnished him with those weapons of satire which he used with such effect in the Pardoner's prologue and elsewhere."

² bush.

³ grass.

⁴ hidden.

⁵ covered.

⁶ time,

The chelaundre¹ and popinjay.² . . .
 Hard is the heart that loveth nought
 In May, when all this love is wrought,
 When he may on these branches hear
 The smallé birdés singen clear
 Their blissful sweet song piteous.³

The dreamer is conducted to the Garden of Delight, a square garden, "as long as it was large." The garden contains all kinds of trees, which are set in rows "five fathom or six" apart; there are "wells" in great number, which water the entire place, so that the earth is "of such grace that it of flowers hath plenty" both in summer and winter. The most remarkable of all these "wells" or fountains is that which had served as a mirror for Narcissus. Whosoever looked into it might see everything that was in the garden. The dreamer, looking into it, saw, among a thousand other things,

A roser⁴ charged full of roses
 That with an hedge about encloses.

Being resolved to pluck one of the roses for himself, he hastened towards the rose-tree, but was so smitten by

¹ goldfinch.

² parrot.

³ El tems amereus plein de joie,
 El tems où tote riens sésgaie,
 Que l'en ne voit boisson ne haie
 Qui en Mai parer ne se voille
 Et covrir de novele foille. . . .
 Li rossignos lores s'efforce
 De chanter et de faire noise;
 Lors s'esvertue et lors s'envoise
 Li papegans et la Kalandre. . . .
 Moult a dur cuer qui en Mai n'aime,
 Quant il ot chanter sus la raime
 As oisiaus les dous chans piteus. — *Roman de la Rose*.

⁴ rose-tree.

the "savour" of the flowers that he was obliged to stay his hand. Then Love, who was standing by a fig-tree, bent his bow and pierced him with his arrows. The dreamer thenceforth became the Lover, and his pursuit of the Rose is the all-absorbing topic of the story. Every reader of the poem is at liberty to interpret the allegory as he likes. One sees in the Rose the holy Church; another supposes that it symbolizes the Virgin Mary; another, that it is the Philosopher's Stone. Clément Marot, who lived¹ a hundred and fifty years later than Chaucer, said it was a Papal Rose, "made of gold on account of the honor and reverence due to God, and scented with musk and balm to symbolize our duties to our neighbors and our obligation to hold our souls clear and precious above all worldly things." It might represent the state of grace to which all men should aspire; it might, like the rose which the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, signify eternal happiness. The Lover may also be regarded as symbolizing a variety of characters. "He is the child born into the light," says Molinet; "he is born in the month of May, when the birds sing; and the singing of the birds is the preaching of the holy doctors!" It is scarcely necessary to recount more of his adventures. He meets, at various times, those virtues, vices, and follies which are supposed to have most influence upon human action. Good Reception cheers him forward; Authority restrains him from rashness; False Semblant preaches to him and deceives him; Reason instructs him; Jealousy taunts and persecutes him; Danger warns him of evil; Wicked Tongue slanders him; Abstinence teaches him self-denial; and Love supports

¹ 1495-1544.

him through every discouragement. To modern readers the allegory is full of tedious verbiage; but there are occasional passages which will well repay the reading.



EXTRACTS FROM THE "ROMAUNT OF THE ROSE."¹

HYPOCRISY.

Good heart maketh the good thought;
The clothing giveth nor taketh nought.
The good thought and the working
That maketh the religion flourishing
There lieth the good religion,
After the right intention.

Whoso took a wether's² skin,
And wrapped a greedy wolf therein
For³ he should go with lambe's white
Weenest⁴ thou not he would them bite?
Yes; nevertheless as he were wood⁵
He would them worry, and drink the blood,
And well the rather them deceive,
For since they couldē not perceive
His treachery and cruelty
They would him follow, although he fly.
If there be wolves of such hue
Amongst these apostles new,
Thou, holy church, thou mayest be wailed
Since that thy city is assailed.

¹ So far as is possible without injury to the metre, the spelling has been modernized.

² sheep's.

³ if.

⁴ knowest.

⁵ wont.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Narcissus was a bachelére¹
 That Love had caught in his dangére,²
 And in his net gan him so strain,
 And did him so to weep and plain,
 That need him must his life forgo :
 For a fair lady, that hight³ Echo,
 Him loved over any créature,
 And gan for him such pain endure,
 That on a timë she him told
 That, if he her loven nolde,⁴
 That her behooved needës die,
 There lay none other remedié.

But ne'ertheless, for his beauté
 So fierce and dangerous was he,
 That he nolde granten her asking,
 For weeping, nor for fair praying.

And when she heard him warn her so
 She had in heart so gretë woe,
 And took it in so grete despite,
 That she withouten more respite
 Was dead anon : but ere she died
 Full piteously to God she preide,⁵
 That proudë hearted Narcissús
 That was in love so dangeroús,
 Might on a day be hampered so
 For love, that be so hot for wo,
 That never he might to joy attain ;
 Then should he feel in every vein

¹ a knight.

² coyness.

³ was called.

⁴ would not.

⁵ prayed.

What sorrow truë lovers maken
That are so villainously ¹ forsaken.

This prayer was but reasonable,
Therefore God held it firm and stable :
For Narcissús shortly to tell,
By aventure ² came to that well
To rest him in the shadowíng
A day, when he came from hunting.

This Narcissús had suffered pains
For running all day in the plains,
And was for thirst in great distress
Of heart, and of his wearinëss,
That had lost his breath almost benomen, ³
When he was to that well ycomen, ⁴
That shadowed was with branches green,
He thought of thilkë ⁵ water sheen ⁶
To drink and fresh him well withall,
And down on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his neck and head outstraught ⁷
To drinkë of that well a draught.
And in the water anon was seen
His nose, his mouth, his eyen sheen,
And he thereof was all abashed,
His own shadów had him betrashed, ⁸
For well wend ⁹ he the formë see
Of a child of great beauteé.
Well couth ¹⁰ Love him wreke ¹¹ though
Of danger and of pride also
That Narcissus sometime him bear,
He quite ¹² him well his guerdon ¹³ there.

¹ Pronounced in three syllables : viln-ous-ly.

² chance.

³ benumbed.

⁴ arrived.

⁵ that.

⁶ bright, clear.

⁷ outstretched.

⁸ betrayed.

⁹ thought.

¹⁰ was able.

¹¹ revenge.

¹² gave, awarded.

¹³ reward.

For he mused so in the well,
 That shortely the sooth¹ to tell,
 He loved his ownë shadow so
 That at last he starfe² for woe.
 For when he saw that he his will
 Might in no manner way fulfil
 And that he was so fastë caught
 That he him couthë comfort naught,
 He lost his wit right in that place
 And died within a little space,
 And thus his warison³ he took
 For the lady that he forsook.

FALSE SEMBLANT NO HERMIT.

I love none hermitage more ;
 All deserts and holtës⁴ hoar
 And great woods every one,
 I let⁵ them to the Baptist John :
 I queth him quite⁶ and him release
 Of Egypt all the wilderness.
 Too far were all my mansioúns
 From all cities and good towns.
 My palace and my house make I
 Where men may run in openly,
 And say that I the world forsake ;
 But all amid I build and make
 My house, and swim and play therein
 Better than a fish doeth with his fin.

¹ truth. ² died. ³ reward. ⁴ forests. ⁵ give, leave.

⁶ queth him quite, the translation of an old expression used in law, *Clamo illi quietem*. The French is *Je quitte*, I acquit him.

THE GOD OF LOVE

This god of love of his fashion
 Was like no knave¹ ne quistron²;
 His beauty greatly was to prize,
 But of his robë to devise³
 I dread encumber'd for to be;
 For not yclad in silk was he,
 But all in flowers and flowerets,
 Ypainted all with amoretts,⁴
 And with lozenges⁵ and scochóns,⁶
 With birdës, leopards, and líóns,
 And other beastës wrought full well.
 His garment was of every dell⁷
 Yportrayed and ywrought with flowers
 By divers medeling⁸ of colóurs.
 Flowers there were of many guise
 Yset by compass in a size;
 There lack'd no flower to my dome,⁹
 Nay, not so much as flower of broom,
 Nor violet, nor even pervinke,¹⁰
 Nor flower none that me can on think.
 And many a rose leaf full long
 Was intermingled there among;
 And also on his head was set
 Of roses red a chapelet.
 But nightingales a full great rout
 Were flying over his head about,

¹ servant. ² scullion. ³ describe. ⁴ amorous women.

⁵ Quadrilateral figures of equal sides, but unequal angles, in which the arms of women were painted.

⁶ Scutcheons of arms. ⁷ part. ⁸ intermingling. ⁹ opinion.

¹⁰ periwinkle.

The leaves felden¹ as they wrien,²
 With popinjay, with nightingale,
 With chelaundre and with wood wale,
 With finch, with larke, and with archangell.³
 He seemëd as he were angel
 That down was come from Heaven clear.

MAY A MAN BEG?

To hear the case especial :
 If a man be so bestial
 That he of no craft hath science,
 And nought desireth ignorance,
 Then may he go a begging yerné,⁴
 Through which, without truanding,
 He may in truth have his living.

Or if he may do no labor,
 For eld, or sickness, or languor,
 Or for his tender age also,
 Then may he yet a begging go.

Or if he have of craft cunning,
 And strength also, and desiring
 To worken, as he had what,
 But he find neither this ne that,
 Then may he begge till that he
 Have gotten his necessité.

Or if his winning be so light,
 That his labor will not aquite
 Sufficiently all his living
 Yet may he go his bread begging.

¹ fell, made to fall.

² turned.

³ the titmouse.

⁴ eagerly.

The Court of Love.



OF the allegorical poems commonly attributed to Chaucer, "The Court of Love" is one of the most interesting. A brief introduction by one of its earliest editors describes it as "an imitation of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' shewing that all are subject to love, what impediments soever to the contrary; containing also those twentie statutes which are to be observed in the Court of Love." The poem is represented as the work of "Philogenet of Cambridge, clerk" (supposed by the older critics to be Chaucer himself), who, at "eighteen yeare of age, lusty and light," was commanded to seek the Court of Love.¹

So then I went by strange and far countries,
Enquiring aye what coast had to it drew
The Court of Love. And thitherward as bees,
At last I see the people gan pursue ;
And methought some wight was there that knew
Where that the court was holden far or nigh,
And after them full fast I gan me hie.

¹ The "Court of Love" was probably written later than Chaucer's time, and is in reality an allegorical sketch of the Love Courts, as they existed in Provence and Languedoc in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. These courts probably originated in the purely literary competitions between Troubadours and poets in the feudal castles of the great lords. They were afterwards conducted by societies of noble knights and ladies, that in Provence being called the Court of Love, and that in Languedoc the

After a little while he came in sight of the castle wherein the court was held:—

But furthermore the castle to descry,
 Yet saw I never none so large and high.
 For unto Heaven it stretcheth, I suppose,
 Within and out depainted wonderly
 With many a thousand daisies red as rose,
 And white also, this saw I verily.
 But who, though daisies might do signify,
 Can I not tell, save that the quenës flower
 Alceste it was that kept there her sojoure.¹

Of that castle Venus (Alcestis) was queen, and Admetus king. It shone with windows all of glass, and the walls were covered with paintings “of many a prince and many a doughty king.” Philogenet is conducted into

Fraternity of the Penitents of Love. They were regulated by a Code of Love, and their authority was supreme, or at least equal in their own jurisdiction to that of the Church or State. Of the Code of Love, Chaucer gives twenty of the most important statutes. Enthusiasm was carried to the highest pitch of unreason, and some curious stories are told of the manner in which the devotees of these courts sought to maintain their fanatical and ridiculous theories. To prove that love works the most wonderful changes, the love-penitents of Languedoc dressed in summer in heavy furs, and in winter in the lightest and thinnest clothing that could be obtained. They refused to protect themselves from cold by having fires in their houses, and decked their rooms with evergreens and the appurtenances of summer. Passing thinly clad from one castle to another, many of these devotees caught cold and died. Some were frozen to death in the snow. And yet these courts of love served a purpose in the improvement of manners and the elevation of the race. “They rescued woman,” says Van Laun, “from what would have become a condition of intolerable degradation; encouraged devotion in the stronger sex, grace and propriety in the weaker; and when the institutions themselves disappeared, there remained at all events the developed taste and courtesy for womankind.”

¹ sojourn.

the presence of the king, who with stern visage inquires why he comes so late unto the court.

“ Forsooth, my liege,” quoth I,
 “ An hundred times have I ben at the gate
 Afore this time, yet could I never espy
 Of mine acquaintance any in mine eye,
 And shamefacedness away me gan to chase.
 But now I me submit unto your grace.”

Then the book of the statutes of the court was brought out and placed before him, that he might “ read and see what thing we must observe in Love’s Court till that we die and sterve.¹” Afterwards, in accordance with the poetical custom of the Troubadours,² he was introduced to the lady Rosiall, with whom he had fallen in love while dreaming.

Her head was round by compass of natüre,
 Her hair as gold, she passed all on love,
 And lily forehead had this creätüre,
 With liveliche brows, flaw³ of color pure,
 Between the which was mean disseveránc
 From every brow, to show a due distánc.

Her nose directed straight, and even as a line,
 With form and shape thereto convenient,
 In which the goddes milk-white path doth shine,
 And eke⁴ her eyen ben bright and orient,⁵
 As is the smaragde,⁶ unto my judgment,
 Or yet those stars Heavenly small and bright,
 Her visage is of lovely red and white.

Her mouth is short, and shut in litle space,
 Flaming some deal, not over red I mean,
 With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss percase ;⁷

¹ perish.

² See note 1, p. 46.

³ yellow.

⁴ also.

⁵ shining.

⁶ emerald.

⁷ perchance.

For lippës thin, not fat, but ever lean,
 They serve of naught, they be not worth a bean,
 For if the basse¹ be full there is delight —
 Maximian² truly thus doth he write.

About her neck a flower of fresh devise,
 With rubies set, that lusty³ were to seene ;
 And she in gown was light and summer wise,
 Shapen full well, the color was of green,
 With aureat⁴ sent about her sidës clean,
 With divers stones precious and rich, —
 Thus was she rayed, yet saw I never her lich.⁵

The poem ends with a description of the celebration of the Festival of Love on May-day, wherein the birds are represented as chanting in honor of the god of love a parody of the Catholic matin service for Trinity Sunday : —

To matens went the lusty nightingale. . . .
 And "*Domine labia,*" gan he cry and gale,⁶
 " My lippes open lord of love I cry,
 And let my mouth thy praising now bewry.⁷"

The eagle sang "*Venite,* bodies all,
 And let us joy to love that is our health." . . .
 Then sayd the faucon, our own hertes wealth,
 "*Domine Dominus noster* I wote,
 Ye be the god that doth us burn thus hote."

" *Cæli enarrant,*" said the poppingay,
 " Your might is told in heaven and firmament."

And then came in the goldfinch freshe and gay,
 And said this psalme with hertily glad intent,
 "*Domine est terra,*" this laten intent,

¹ kiss. From French *baisser*. Hence the vulgar word *buss*.

² The author of six elegies sometimes ascribed to Gallus. He lived about the sixth century.

³ pleasant.

⁴ golden color.

⁵ like.

⁶ sing.

⁷ discover.

The god of love hath yerth in governaunce :
And then the wren gan skippen and to daunce.

“*Jube Domino* O lord of love, I pray
Commaund me well this lesson for to rede.¹” . . .
The turtill dove said, “Welcom, welcom May,
Gladson and light to lovers that ben trew.” . . .
And than “*Tu autem*,” sang he all apart.

“*Te deum amoris*,” sang the throstel-cocke ;
Tubal himself, the first musician,
With key of armony coude not onlocke,
So swetë tewne as that the throstel can :

“The lorde of love we praysen,” (quod he), than
And so done al the foulës greate and lite,
“Honor we May, in fals lovers dispite.”

“*Dominus regnavit*,” said the pecocke there. . . .
Out sterte the owle with “*Benedicite*.” . . .
“*Laudate*,” sang the larke with voice ful shril,
And eke the kight “*O admirabile*.” . . .
“*Amen*,” said al, and so said eke the pie.²

And forth the cockow gan procede anon,
With “*Benedictus*” thanking God in hast,
That in this May would visite them echon,³
And gladden them al while the feast shal last.
And therewithal a laughter out he brast,⁴
“I thanke it God that I should end the song,
And all the service which hath ben so long.”

Thus sang they all the service of the feste,
And that was done right erly to my dome,
And forth goth all the court both most and lest,
To fetch the floures fresh, and braunch and blome,
And namely hauthorn brought both page and grome,
With fresh garlants party blew and white,
And then rejoysen in their great delite.

¹ understand.

² magpie.

³ each one.

⁴ burst.

The Flower and the Leaf.



“THE Flower and the Leaf,” formerly supposed to be the work of Chaucer, was probably written about fifty years after his death. Internal evidence seems to point to the conclusion that it was written by a woman. Its leading motive is of French origin, and its plan is briefly summarized in a prose note of introduction, the work of a later hand.

“A gentlewoman, out of an arbour in a grove, seeth a great companie of knights and ladies in a daunce upon the greene grasse: the which being ended, they all kneele doune and do honour to the daisie, some to the flower, and some to the leafe. Afterwards this gentlewoman learneth by one of these ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the flower, a thing fading with every blast, are such as looke after beautie and worldly pleasure. But they that honour the leafe, which abideth with the root, notwithstanding the frosts and winter storms, are they which follow vertue and during qualities, without regard of worldly respects.” Those of the ladies who were servants unto the leaf were dressed in white, and they with their queen represented Chastity. The cavaliers who accompanied them were the Knights of the Round Table, the Peers of Charlemagne, and the Knights of the Garter, “that in their time did right worthily.” The ladies who did hom-

age to the flower were dressed in green, and their queen was Flora, the goddess of the flowers. And these were the "folk that loved idleness,

And not delight in no business,
But for to hunt and hawk, and play in medes,
And many other such-like idle deeds."

The following interpretation of the allegory has been offered by a late writer: "The 'Flower and the Leaf' represent two of the badges usual in mediæval heraldry. A flower, the rose, is the badge of England; a leaf, the shamrock, is the badge of Ireland. In Chaucer's time there was a current argument in chivalry as to the relative significance of leaves and flowers. At the wedding of Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, with King John I., of Portugal, a poet wrote a poem in honor of Philippa, giving to the flower superiority over the leaf as having fairer scent, color, and promise of fruit. Chaucer, as an offset to this, from the English side, wrote the 'Flower and the Leaf' in compliment to the bridegroom."

M. Taine, writing of this poem, says: "Is this allegory? There is at least a lack of wit. There is no ingenious enigma; it is dominated by fancy, and the poet thinks only of displaying in quiet verse the fleeting and brilliant train which had amused his mind and charmed his eye." Campbell calls it "an exquisite piece of fairy fancy. With a moral that is just sufficient to apologize for a dream, and yet which sits so lightly on the story as not to abridge its most visionary parts, there is in the whole scenery and objects of the poem an air of wonder and sweetness that is truly magical."

FROM "THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

A MORNING WALK.

And up I roos three hourës after twelfe,
 Aboute the [erly] springing of the day ;
 And on I putte my geare and mine array,
 And to a pleasaunt grove I gan to passe,
 Long or ¹ the brightë Sonne up-risen was ;

In which were okës grete, streight as a line,
 Under the which the gras, so fresh of hew,
 Was newly spronge ; and an eight foot or nine
 Every tree wel fro his fellow grew,
 With branches brode, ladën with levës new,
 That sprongen out ayen ² the sunnë shene, ³
 Some very red, and some a glad light grene ;

Which, as me thoughte, was right a plesant sight ;
 And eke the briddës songës for to here
 Would have rejoyced any earthly wight ; ⁴
 And I that couthe ⁵ not yet, in no manere,
 Herë the nightingale of all the yere,
 Ful busily herkned with hart and ere,
 If I her voice perceive coude any-where.

And, at the last, a path of little breede ⁶
 I found, that gretly hadde not used be ;
 For it forgrowen was with grasse and weede,
 That well unneth a wight [ne] might it se :
 Thoght I, " This path some whider goth, pardé ! " ⁷
 And so I followed, till it me brought
 To right a pleasaunt herber, ⁸ well ywrought,

¹ before.² against.³ bright.⁴ person.⁵ knew.⁶ breadth.⁷ *par dieu*, surely.⁸ arbor.

That benched was, and eke with turfës newe
 Freshly turvëd, whereof the grenë gras,
 So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh of hewe,
 That most ylike grene wool, I wot, it was :
 The hegge also that yede in this compas,¹
 And closed in all the grene herbere,
 With sicamour was set and eglatere.²

And as I stood and cast aside mine eie,
 I was ware of the fairest medler-tree,
 That ever yet in all my life I sie,³
 As full of blossomes as it mightë be ;
 Therein a goldfinch leaping pretile
 Fro bough to bough ; and, as him list, gan ete
 Of buddës here and there and flourës swete.

And to the herber side ther was joyninge
 This fairë tree, of which I have you told ;
 And at the last the brid began to singe,
 When he had eten what he etë wolde,
 So passing sweetly, that by manifolde
 It was more pleasaunt than I coude devise.
 And when his song was ended in this wise,

The nightingale with so mery a note
 Answered him, that all the woodë rong
 So sodainly, that, as it were a sote,⁴
 I stood astonied ; so was I with the song
 Thorow⁵ ravishëd, that till late and long,
 Ne wist⁶ I in what place I was, ne where ;
 And ay, me thoughte, she song even by mine ere.

¹ went round about.

⁴ dunce, sot.

² eglantine, hawthorn.

⁵ thoroughly.

³ saw.

⁶ knew.

Wherefore about I waited busily,
 On every side, if that I her mighte see;
 And, at the last, I gan full well asprie¹
 Where she sat in a fresh grene laurer² tree,
 On the further side, even right by me,
 That gave so passing a delicious smell,
 According to the eglantere full well.

Whereof I had so inly great pleasure,
 That, as me thought, I surely ravished was
 Into Paradise, where my desire
 Was for to be, and no ferther passe
 As for that day, and on the sote grasse
 I sat me downe, for as for mine entent,
 The birdes song was more convenient,

And more pleasaunt to me by many fold,
 Than meat, or drinke, or any other thing,
 Thereto the herber was so fresh and cold,
 The wholesome savours eke so comforting,
 That as I demed, sith the beginning
 Of the world was never seen er³ than
 So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly man.

L'ENVOIE.

O little booke, thou art so unconning,
 How darst thou put thyself in prees for drede?
 It is wonder that thou wexest not rede!
 Sith that thou wost full lite, who shall behold
 Thy rude language full boistously unfold.

¹ see, spy, perceive.

² laurel.

³ er than, before then,

The Cuckow and the Nightingale.



THIS poem was probably written by Chaucer. It opens with a long prologue describing the circumstances connected with the author's dreaming.

As I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among them it was a common tale
That it were good to hear the nightingale
Rather than the lewd¹ cuckow sing.

And then I thought anon, as it was day,
I would go somewhere to assay²
If that I might a nightingale hear,
For yet had I none heard of all that year,
And it was then the third night of May.

And anon, as I the day espied,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But unto a wood that was fast by,
I went forth alone, boldly,
And held the way down by a brook-side,

Till I came to a land of white and green,
So fair one had I never in been,
The ground was green, ypowdered with daisy,
The flowers and the greves³ like hie,
All green and white, was nothing els seen.

¹ leud, boisterous, noisy.

² try.

³ groves.

There sat I down among the fair flowers,
 And saw the birds trip out of their bowers,
 There as they rested him all the night,
 They were so joyfull of the dayes light,
 They began of May for to done honours.

They coud¹ that service all by rote,
 There was many a lovely note,
 Some sang loud, as they had plained
 And some in other manner voice yfained
 And some all out with full throte.

They proyned² them and made them right gay,
 And danceden and lepten on the spray
 And evermore two and two in fere,³
 Right so as they had chosen them to yere
 In Februaire upon Saint Valentines day.

And for delight, I wote never how,
 I fell in such a slumber and a swow,⁴
 Not all asleep, nor fully waking,
 And in that swow, methought, I heardē sing
 The sorry bird, the lewd cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,
 But who was then evil afraid but I?
 "Now God," quoth I, "that died on the crois,⁵
 Give sorrow on thee, and on thy leud voice,
 Full little joy have I now of thy cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan chide,
 I heard in the next bush beside
 A nightingale so lustily sing
 That with her clear voice she made ring
 Through all the greene wood wide.

¹ knew.

² plumed.

³ pairs.

⁴ dream.

⁵ cross.

But now I will you tell a wonder thing,
 As long as I lay in that swooning,
 Methought I wist what the birds meant,
 And what they said, and what was their intent,
 And of their speech I had good knowing.

The poet then proceeds to relate how the two birds dispute about the blessings of love. The cuckoo declares that the passion leads only to misery and disappointment, while the nightingale that it is productive of happiness alone. The dispute finally waxes so warm, and the nightingale sings so loudly, that the poet can bear to hear the cuckoo no longer.

Methought then that I stert out anon,
 And to the brook I run and got a stone,
 And at the cuckow heartily I cast ;
 And he for dread fly away full fast,
 And glad was I when that he was gone.

The nightingale thanks him and says : —

“ Every day this May ere thou dine,
 Go look upon the fresh daisy,
 And though thou be for wo in point to die,
 That shall full greatly lessen thee of thy pine.¹

“ And look alway that thou be good and true,
 And I will sing one of the songès new
 For love of thee, as loud as I may cry.”

It is then decided that a parliament of the birds shall be held on the day after St. Valentine's Day, at which this vexed question of love must be decided. The poem may thus be regarded as an introduction to “The Parliament of Foules”

¹ pain.

The Parliament of Foules.¹



IN the opening stanzas of the piece the poet relates how, once upon a time "naught yore agon," he was reading from the sixth book of Cicero "On The Republic," that portion which relates to Scipio's dream of the immortality of the soul.

It happed me to behold
Upon a booke was ywritten with letters old,
And thereupon a certain thing to lerne,
The long day full fast I radde and yerne.²
For out of the old felde as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

The sixth to the twelfth stanzas embrace an abstract of Scipio's dream — that famous production which had been the theme of no little discussion among the scholars of the Middle Ages.

First telleth it when Scipion³ was come
In Affricke, how he meteth Massinisse,

¹ The spelling in these extracts is as in Tyrwhitt's edition of Chaucer's works.

² Pondered and yearned.

³ Scipio Africanus, the younger, born about the year 185 B.C., died 129 B.C. He was the adopted son of Publius Cornelius Scipio. Masinissa, king of the Numidians, was the ally of the Romans in the war against Carthage, 204-202 B.C. He died in 148 B.C., at the age of ninety years, leaving the affairs of his kingdom to be settled by young Scipio.

That him for joy, in armes hath ynvine¹ ;
 Then telleth he his speach and all the blisse
 That was betwixt hem til the day gan misse,
 And how his anncester, Affrikan² so dere,
 Gan in his slepe that night til him appere.

Then telleth it that from a sterrie place,
 How Affrikan hath him Cartage shewed,
 And warned him before of all his grace,
 And said him, what man lered eyther lewde,³
 That loveth common profite well ithewde,⁴
 He should into a blissful place wend,
 There as the joy is without any end.

Then asked he, if folke that here been dede
 Have life and dwelling in another place?
 And Affrikan said, "Ye, without any drede,"⁵
 And how our present lives space
 Ment but a maner death, what way we trace,
 And rightfull folke shall gon after they die
 To Heaven, and shewed him the Galaxie.⁶

Then shewed he him the little earth that here is
 To regard of the Heavens quantite,
 And after shewed he hym the nine speris,⁷
 And after that the melodie heard he,
 That commeth of thilke speres thrise three,
 That welles of musicke been and melodie
 In this world here, and cause of armonie.

¹ taken.

² **Affrikan.** Scipio Africanus, the elder, the conqueror of Hannibal. He was born in the year 234 B.C., died about 183 B.C. He was the father of Publius Cornelius Scipio.

³ learned or ignorant.

⁴ conducted, behaved.

⁵ doubt, fear.

⁶ Milky Way.

⁷ The Ptolemaic theory of astronomy was that all the heavenly bodies revolved about the earth, being fixed in a series of crystalline spheres moving concentrically one within another. Thus there was a crystalline sphere

Then said he him, sens Earth was so lite,
 And full of torment and of harde grace,
 That he ne should him in this world delite.
 Then told he him, in certain yeres space,
 That every sterre should come into his place —
 There it was first, and all should out of mind
 That in this world is done of all mankind.

Then prayed him, Scipion, to tell him all
 The way to come into that Heaven blisse.
 And he said : “ First know thy selfe immortall,
 And loke aie besely that thou werche and wisse
 To common profite, and thou shalt not misse
 To come swiftly unto that place dere,
 That full of bliss is and of soules clere.

And breakers of the law, soth to saine,¹
 And likerous² folke, after that they been dede,
 Still whirle about the world alway in paine
 Till many a world be passed out of drede ;
 Then shullen they come to that blisfull place,
 To which to comen, God send thee grace.

Thus reading until the “ day gan failen,” the poet was finally obliged for lack of light to lay aside his book and retire to his bed. Being weary, he soon fell asleep and dreamed of that which had last occupied his mind while awake.

The wearie hunter, sleeping in his bedde,
 The wood ayen his mind goeth anone ;
 The judge dremeth how his plees be spedde ;

or whorl for the sun, the moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter, and the fixed stars. To these eight spheres a ninth was added which Milton describes as “ the swift nocturnal and diurnal rhomb.” “ On each sphere a siren sits singing. Their eight tones make exquisite harmony.” Here we find the origin of the expression, “ Music of the spheres.” So Job xxxviii. 7, “ When the morning stars sang together.”

¹ truth to tell.

² lecherous, wicked.

The carter dremeth how his cartes gone ;
 The rich, of gold ; the knight fights with his fone¹ ;
 The sicke mette² he drinketh of the tonne³ ;
 The lover mette he hath his lady wonne.

Is it any wonder then that the poet should dream of "Affrikan" ? The latter, taking the former by the hand, says : "Thou hast thee so well borne in looking of mine old booke, that some dele of thy labor would I quite." And he leads him into a park walled with green store and full of trees clad with leaves : —

The bilder oke, and eke the hardy asshe,
 The piller elme, the coffre unto caraine,
 The box pipe tree, holme to whippes lasshe,
 The sailing firre, the cipres death to plaine,
 The shooter ewe, the aspe for shaftes plaine,
 The olive of peace, and eke the dronken vine,
 The victor palme, the laurer too divine.⁴

On every bough there were singing birds, while among the trees and on the grassy lawn were seen "the dredful⁵ roe, the buck, the hart, the hind, squirrels, and beastes small of gentle kind." There also the poet saw Cupid with his arrows, and Pleasaunce, Lust, Beauty, Youth, Flattery, Messagerie, Meed, and many other allegorical personages. A temple of brass, "yfounded strong," stood in the wood, and around it danced a company of women, some of whom were

Faire of hemself, and some of hem were gay.

Before the temple door sat Peace, and beside her was pale-faced Patience. Within the temple were many

¹ sword, weapon.

² dreameth.

³ tun, barrel.

⁴ Compare this with Spenser's Catalogue of Trees. See page 102.

⁵ fearful, timid.

strange sights and sounds and "a thousand savours soote." There sat Venus with Bacchus at her side, and Ceres next, and Cupid in the midst. Upon the walls were painted the stories of Semiramis, Candace, and Hercules, Biblis, Dido, Thisbe and Pyramus, Tristram and Isoude, Paris, Achilles, Helen, Cleopatra, Troilus, "and eke the mother of Romulus." Walking forth among the trees, the poet observed that all the birds, "of every kind that men thinke may," had assembled there and were making a noise "so huge that earth, sea, and tree, and every lake" was full of it. For this was St. Valentine's Day, "when every foule cometh to chese his mate."

There might men the royall egle find,
 That with his sharpe looke perseth the Sun,
 And other egles of a lower kinde,
 Of which that clerkes¹ well devisen² con;
 There was the tyrant with his fethers don,³
 And grene, I mean the goshauke that doth pine⁴
 To birdes, for his outrageous ravine.⁵

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth
 The kings hand, the hardy sperhauke eke,
 The quailes foe, the merlion that peineth
 Himself full oft the larke for to seke,
 There was the dove, with her eyen meke,
 The jelous swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,
 The oul eke, that of deth the bode⁶ bringeth.

The crane, the geaunt,⁷ with his trompes⁸ soune,
 The thief the chouch, and the chattring pie,
 The scorning jaye, the eles⁹ foe the heroune,

¹ scholars.

² understand.

³ dun.

⁴ devour, torture.

⁵ ravenousness.

⁶ foreboding.

⁷ the giant crane.

⁸ trumpet.

⁹ eel's.

The false lapwing, full of treacherie,
 The stare,¹ that the counsaile can bewrie,²
 The tame ruddocke,³ and the coward kite,
 The cocke, that horiloge is of thorpes lite.⁴

The sparowe Venus' son, and the nightingale
 That clepeth⁵ forth the fresh leaves new,
 The swalowe, murdrer of the bees smale
 That maken honie of floures fresh of hew,
 The wedded turtell⁶ with his herte true,
 The pecocke, with his angel fethers bright,
 The fesaunt, scorner of the cocke by night.

The waker⁷ gose, the cuckowe ever unkind,
 The popingey, full of delicasy,
 The drake, stroier⁸ of his owne kind,
 The storke, wreker of aduoutry,
 The hote cormeraunt, ful of glotony,
 The ravin and the crowe, with her voice of care,
 The throstell olde, and the frostie feldefare.

What should I say? of foules of every kind,
 That in this worlde have fethers and stature,
 Men might in that place assembled find,
 Before that noble goddess of Nature,
 And eche of them did his busie cure,⁹
 Benignely¹⁰ to chese, or for to take
 By her accorde, his formell¹¹ or his make.¹²

Then follows a debate between the birds to decide the claims of three *tercel* eagles for the possession of a beautiful *formel* (female) of the same species, which Nature holds on her hand. The arguments are long

¹ starling.

² discover.

³ robin red-breast.

⁴ that is the clock of little towns.

⁵ calleth.

⁶ turtle-dove.

⁷ watcher.

⁸ destroyer.

⁹ care.

¹⁰ wisely.

¹¹ female.

¹² mate.

and somewhat animated, and are continued until Dame Nature, who has all the time acted as the moderator of the assembly, decides that the formel "herselfe shall have her election," counselling her, however, to take the royal tercel "as for the gentilest and most worthy." She answers that she would prefer to wait a year; and Nature therefore consoles the three suitors with the remark, —

A yere is not so long to endure ;

and the assembly is soon dispersed. Then Chaucer says:—

I woke, and other bookes took me to,
 To rede upon, and yet I rede alway,
 I hope ywis to rede so some day,
 That I shall mete something for to fare¹
 The bet,² and thus to rede I nill not spare.

The fact is that, in the conception and composition of this poem, Chaucer was indebted to many of the books which he thus "took him to." First, as we have already noticed, to the episode of the dream of Scipio, in Cicero's treatise on "The Republic"; second, to "La Teseide" of Boccaccio, from which he reproduced sixteen stanzas; third, to Dante's "Inferno," a passage which gave him the suggestion for at least two stanzas, the nineteenth and twentieth; fourth, to Alain de l'Isle's treatise, *De Planctu Naturæ*, from which he probably derived the idea of the personification of Nature. Thus, "out of old bookes, in good faithe," he did find something "for to fare the bet."

¹ do.

² better.

The House of Fame.



“THE House of Fame” bears every evidence of being a genuine production of Chaucer’s, and we find nothing in any other similar work of the time which excels the poetic quality of its imagery or the brilliancy of its descriptions. It is written in Trouvère octo-syllabic measure, and bears other traces of both French and Italian influences. The object of the allegory is to show “how the deedes of all men and women, be they good or bad, are carried by report to posterite.” An eagle, which soars near the sun, suddenly pounces upon the poet and carries him above the stars, dropping him at last before the House of Fame. The temple or house is built on a high and almost inaccessible mountain of ice. The names of great men are engraven upon it; but those on the south side are constantly melted away by the heat of the sun, while those on the north endure. On the turrets appear the minstrels and great harpers of all time, and there are myriads of musicians behind them. Within, the hall is plated with gold overlaid with pearls, and upon a dazzling throne sits the queen or goddess of Fame. From the throne to the doorway are rows of pillars of metal on which stand the great historians and poets. Josephus, “that of Jewes gestes told,” stands on one of lead and iron; Statius, “that bare of Thebes up the name,”

stands on one of iron painted with tigers' blood; Virgil, that "hath bore up a long while the fame of pius Eneas," stands on a pillar of tinned iron; Ovid, "Venus's clerk," on one of copper; "Dan Lucan," and all the clerks that wrote of Rome's mighty works, on pillars of iron; and

Next him on a pillar stood,
Of sulphur liche as he were wood,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell
That bare up all the fame of Hell.

From this place the poet is conducted to the temple, or labyrinth of Rumor—a strange building sixty miles in length, and with doors as numerous as the leaves on the trees. The inhabitants are chiefly sailors, pilgrims, and pardoners, who spend all their time in hearing and telling the news. While in the midst of his description of this temple, the author is awakened, and the poem closes abruptly.



EXTRACTS FROM "THE HOUSE OF FAME."

THE HALL OF THE GODDESS OF FAME.

Lo, how should I now tell all this?
Ne of the hall, eke what need is
To tellen you that every wall
Of it, and rofe and flore with all
Was plated halfe a foote thicke
Of golde, and that n'as not wicke,¹
But for to prove in all wise
As fine as ducket in Venise,

—————
¹ weak, impure.

Of which too lite all in my pouche is.
 And they were set as thick of ouches¹
 Fine, of the finest stones faire
 That men reden² in the lapidaire,³
 Or as grasses growen in a mede.⁴
 But it were all too long to rede
 The names, and therefore I pace
 But in this lustie and riche place
 That Fames hall called was . . .
 All on hie above a dees⁵
 Sat in a see imperiall,
 That made was of rubie royall
 Which that a carbuncle is ycalled,
 I sawe, perpetually installed,
 A feminine creature
 That never formed by nature
 Was such another thing, I saie.
 Me thought that she was so lite⁶
 That the length of a cubite
 Was longer than she seemed be;
 But thus soon in a whilë she
 Herself tho wonderly streight
 That with her feet she th' erthe streight⁷
 And with her hedde she touched Heaven.
 There as shineth the sterrës seven,
 And thereto yet, as to my wit,
 I saw a great wonder yet,
 Upon her eyen to behold : —
 But certainly I hem never told,
 For as fele⁸ eyen had she
 As fethers upon foules be,

¹ brooches, jewels.² read about.³ a treatise on stones.⁴ meadow.⁵ daïs.⁶ little.⁷ stretched.⁸ many.

Or weren on the beastes four
 That Goddës tronë can honour,
 As writeth John in the Apocalips.
 Her heer, that was oundie and crips,¹
 As burned gold it shone to see.

And sothe to tellen, also shee
 Had also fele upstanding eares,
 And tongues as on a beast been heares²;
 And on her feete woxen³ saw I,
 Partriche wingës redily.
 But Lord the perrie⁴ and the richesse
 I saw sitting on the goddesse!
 And the heavenly melodie
 Of songës full of armonie
 I heard about her trone ysong,
 That all the palaïs wall rong.
 So sung the mighty Muse, she
 That cleped is Caliope,
 And her seven sisterne eke,
 That in her faces seemen meke.
 And evermore eternally
 They sung of Famë, though heard I,
 "Heried⁵ be thou and thy name,
 Goddess of rénoun and of fame!"

DOMUS DEDALI (THE LABYRINTH OF RUMOR).

Then sawe I stand in a valey,
 Under the castell fast by,
 An house that *domus Dedali*,
 That Laborintus ycleped is. . . .

¹ curled and crisp. ² hairs. ³ growing. ⁴ jewels. ⁵ blessed.

And ever all the houses angles
 Is full of rownings and of jangles
 Of werres, of peace, of mariäges,
 Of restes, and of labour, of viäges,
 Of abode, of death, and of lyfe,
 Of love, of hate, accord, of strife,
 Of losse, of lore and of winnings
 Of heale, of sickness, or of lesings,¹
 Of faire weather, and eke of tempests,
 Of qualme,² of folkë, and of beests,
 Of divers transmutacions,
 Of estates, and eke of regions,
 Of trust, of drede, of jalousie,
 Of witte, of winning, of folie,
 Of plenty, and of great famine,
 Of chepe,³ derth, and of ruine,
 Of good or misgovernment,
 Of fire, and of divers accident.

And lo, this house of which I write,
 Syker⁴ be ye it n'as not lite ;
 For it was sixtie mile of length,
 Al was the timber of no strength.
 Yet it is founded to endure,
 While that it list to aventure.
 That is the mother of tidings,
 As the sea of wellës and of springs
 And it was shaped like a cage.

¹ falsehoods.

² sickness.

³ selling, merchandise

⁴ sure.

William Dunbar and his Allegories.



WILLIAM DUNBAR was a Scotch poet who lived and wrote in the latter part of the fifteenth and the first years of the sixteenth century. "No poet, from Chaucer till his own time, equalled him," says Morley, "in the range of his genius. He could pass from broad jest to a pathos truer for its homeliness; he had a play of fancy reaching to the nobler heights of thoughts; a delicacy joined with a terse vigor of expression in short poems that put the grace of God into their worldly wisdom." The best known of his allegories is "The Thistle and the Rose," written in celebration of the marriage of James IV. of Scotland with Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England. The poem is carefully constructed after its Chaucerian models, not only as to the versification, but also as to the narration. It opens with reference to spring, the varying winds of March, the silvery showers of April, and the birds and flowers of May.

In bed at morrow sleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora, with her crystal ene¹
In at the window looked by the day,
And hailed me with a visage pale and grene :
On whose hand a lark sang, fro the splene,²
"Awake, lovers, out of your slumbering,
See how the lusty morrow³ doth upspring !"

¹ eyes.

² heart.

³ lovely morning.

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,
 In weeds depaint¹ of many diverse hue,
 Sober, benign and full of mansuetude,²
 In bright attire of flowers forged new,
 Heavenly of color, white, red, brown and blue,
 Balmed in dew, and gilt with Phebus' beams ;
 While all the house, illumined by her, gleams.

May then rebukes the poet for not rising earlier, and bids him be up and perform his annual homage to the flowers, the birds, and the sun, by writing something in her honor. The sun then rises in the Orient, and shines "so wonder clear, that all the world took comfort far and near." Then the birds began to sing: "Hail, May; hail, Flora; hail, Aurora bright; hail, Princess Nature; hail, Venus, love's queen." And Nature commands that Neptune and Eolus shall place no more hindrances in the way of Spring's progress. She also summons everything to appear in her presence and to acknowledge her sovereignty. All the animals are assembled before her. First of the beasts came the Lion, in whom the poet meant to typify Scotland, and whom he describes as he appeared on the Scottish arms, —

Red was his color as the ruby glance,
 In field of gold he stood full mightily,
 With fleur de luces circled lustily.

He is crowned with a radiant diadem of precious stones, and declared king of all beasts. The Eagle, which typifies England, is likewise crowned king of all birds. Then the Thistle, which represents King James, being surrounded with a bush of spears, and therefore ready for war, is crowned with rubies and bidden to go

¹ clothing colored.

² kindness.

forth "into the field and fend the laif," — defend the rest. Lastly, the Rose, the Princess Margaret, is crowned with clarified gems, the splendor of which illumines the whole land. The merle, the lark, the nightingale, all join in singing her praises, and in so doing wake the poet from his dream.

The Golden Terge. — Another allegory, written by Dunbar, "The Golden Terge," was one of the first works printed in Scotland, being issued from the press of Chepman & Myllar — the first set up in that country — in 1508. It is plainly an imitation of the "Romaunt of the Rose" in both style and imagery. It opens in the manner common to so many poems of the time, with the morning in May, the rising sun, and the singing birds. The poet, lulled by the music of nature, falls asleep among the flowers. In a dream he sees a ship approaching, the sails of which are white as "the blossom upon the spray," and the masts are of gold, "bright as the star of day." She comes to land in the blooming meadows, and a hundred ladies in green kirtles step on shore. In this company the poet sees Nature, Queen Venus, the fresh Aurora, Lady May, the shining Flora, Diana, goddess of the chase, Lady Clio, Juno, Latona, Minerva, and others. They enter a garden where May, the queen of the mirthful months, receives from Nature a gorgeous robe, —

Rich to behold and noble of renown,
Of every hue that under the heaven has been
Depaint, and broad by good proportion.

Then another group appears. Cupid, "with his dreadful arrows, sharp and square," presides. And Mars, strong and corpulent, Saturn, "old and hoar,"

and Mercury, wise and eloquent, all are there arrayed in green, and playing and singing while the ladies dance. The poet, pressing forward from his hiding-place among the flowers, is seen by Venus, who orders her "keen archers" to arrest him. The ladies at once let fall their green mantles and advance against him, each holding a huge bow. First in the attack comes Beauty, followed by Fair Having, and Portraiture, and Pleasaunce, and Lusty Cheer. Then Reason rushes to the rescue, bearing a shield of gold, the "golden terge." Beauty and Tender Youth, Green Innocence, Modesty, and Obedience are unable to harm the golden shield. Then Womanhood comes to the attack, leading with her Patience, Discretion, Steadfastness, Benign Look, Mild Cheer, and Honest Business.

But Reason bare the Terge with sic constance,
Their sharp essay might do me no deirance.

Dignity, Renown, Riches, Nobility, and Honor, after displaying their "high banner," and shooting a cloud of arrows, are obliged to retreat. At length Dissimulation, with Presence, Fair Calling, and Cherishing, as her archers, leads the attack. Presence throws a magical powder into the eyes of Reason, who reels like a drunken man and is banished to the greenwood. The poet, no longer protected by the golden terge, receives a deadly wound, and is at once taken prisoner by Beauty. Then "Eolus his bugle blows," the fair company flee in haste to the ship and sail away. But as they fire a parting salute from the ordnance on board, the roar of which is re-echoed by the rocks "with a sound as if the rainbow had been broken," the poet awakes and breaks out at

once into an encomium on Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate. And this is what he says of Chaucer :—

O reverend Chaucer, rose of rhetorics all,
 As in our tongue a flower imperial
 That rose in Britain ever, who reads right,
 Thou bearest of poets the triumph royal :
 Thy fresh, enamelled terms celestial
 This matter could have shown full bright :
 Wast thou nocht of our English all the light,
 Surmounting every tongue terrestrial
 As far as May's morrow does midnight.

Dunbar's "Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins" is the first intimation of a radical departure from the worn-out models of Chaucer and the romance poets. It is the first example, too, of comic satire veiled in allegory. Mahomet, or the devil, commands a dance to be performed by the fiends who have never made concessions to a priest. These immediately appear and begin the performance of a masque or mummery "just imported from France." Pride, Anger, Envy, Avarice, Sloth, Lust, and Gluttony are each painted in glaring but faithful colors. In this infernal dance no minstrels play, for no poet or gleeman ever went to hell "except one who committed murder, and was admitted by *brief of richt*."

The poem abounds in vivid description mingled with coarse humor and fantastic, even terrible, representations. "It is a singular compound of farce and earnest," says Alexander Smith. "It is Spenser and Hogarth combined—the wildest grotesquerie wrought on a background of penal flame."

The Allegories of Stephen Hawes.



STEPHEN HAWES was a favorite at the court of Henry VII. and groom of the King's chamber. Born in Suffolk about the year 1483, he was educated at Oxford, and afterwards travelled extensively in France, where he acquired a thorough mastery of the French language. No other Englishman of his time had so complete a knowledge of French and Italian poetry, and he could repeat from memory the works of most of the older English poets. He died at the age of twenty-nine. His works possess in themselves but little interest, and have been very aptly characterized as "monuments of the bad taste of a bad age."

"The Temple of Glasse" is plainly an imitation of Chaucer's "House of Fame." It was printed in 1500, when Hawes was but seventeen years old. It begins thus:—

Me did oppress a sudden, deadly sleep,
Within the which methought that I was
Ravished in spirit into a Temple of Glass,
I ne wist how ful far in wilderness
That founded was, all by likeliness,
Not upon steel, but on a craggy rock
Like ice yfroze ; and, as I did approach,
Against the sun it shone, methought, as clear
As any crystal ; and ever near and near.

As I gan nigh¹ this grisly, dreadful place
 I waxed astonied,² the light so in my face
 Began to smite, so piercing ever in one,
 On every part where that I did gone
 That I ne might nothing as I would
 About me consider, and behold
 The wonder chambers, for brightness of the sun.
 Till, at the last, certain skiës dun
 With wind ychased, had their course ywent
 Before the streams of Titan³ and yblent,⁴
 So that I might within and without,
 Whereso I would, beholden me about,
 For to report the fashion and manére
 Of all this place, that was circulére
 In compass-wise, round by entail ywrought.
 And when I had long gone and well sought,
 I found a wicket, and entered in as fast
 Into the temple, and mine eyen cast
 On every side.

A more pretentious allegory, and one having some slight merit, in spite of its prolixity and dulness, is "The Pastime of Pleasure; or, the History of Grand Amoure and la Bel Pucell," "contayning the knowledge of the seven sciences, and the course of man's lyfe in this worlde." It is dedicated to King Henry VII., and was probably finished in 1506. It is written in the stereotyped form, and with the inevitable accessories of a spring morning and a walk in the meadows. Grand Amoure, who is here represented as the poet himself, comes in the course of his walk to two highways, one of which is the path of Contemplation, the other of Active Life. He chooses the latter way, and in it he meets Fame, with her two milk-white greyhounds, Grace and

¹ gan nigh, approached.

² grew astonished.

³ streams of Titan, rays of the sun.

⁴ mingled.

Governance. She rides on a beautiful palfrey which is none other than Pegasus, and is encircled with tongues of fire. By her Grand Amoure is informed of a matchless lady named Bel Pucell, who lives in a tower upon an enchanted island, and who can be reached only after surmounting many difficulties. Following the suggestions of Fame, who presents him with her two greyhounds, our hero visits the castle of Doctrine, a fortress made of copper, and built upon a craggy rock. Doctrine introduces him to her seven daughters—the seven sciences. These are Grammar, who delivers a learned oration; Logic, who dismisses him with a grave exhortation; Rhetoric, seated in a gorgeous chamber strewn with flowers and adorned with mirrors; Arithmetic, upon the walls of whose chamber the three fundamental rules are painted in gold; Music, in whose crystal tower the hero meets and is enamoured with the lady of the enchanted island, the Bel Pucell; Geometry, who also sits in a wondrous tower; and Astronomy, who dwells in a gorgeous pavilion in the midst of a flowery meadow. After many adventures with giants and dragons, each of which personates some human quality, the hero comes in sight at last of the stately palace of Bel Pucell, “walled with silver, and many a story upon the wall enameled royally.” Into this palace he is received by Peace, Mercy, Justice, Reason, Grace, and Memory; and next morning he and Bel Pucell are married, according to the Catholic Ritual, by *Lex Ecclesiæ*. Here one would have expected the allegory to end. But the poet goes on to relate the subsequent events in his hero’s life, his death and burial. While Remembrance is writing his elegy, Fame again comes forward, promising that his name shall be enrolled with those of Joshua, Hector, Alexander, Cæsar, Arthur,

Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and other great heroes. Time and Eternity, crowned with triple diadems of gold, pronounce an exhortation, and the poem closes with an epilogue, in which the author apologizes for having attempted to write such a fable. The allegory is easily interpreted; it is designed to point out the qualities which constitute the character of a true gentleman, and to illustrate the progress of his education and his achievements in life. It is a kind of secular "Pilgrim's Progress," in which the pilgrim is represented as a knight-errant seeking for the *summum bonum* of this life, instead of that of the life which is to come.

A single short extract will suffice: —

In the time of old antiquity
 The noble philosophers, with their whole delight,
 For the common profit of all humanity,
 Of the seven sciences for to know the right
 They studied many a long winter's night,
 Each after the other their parts to express, —
 This was their guise to eschew idleness.

The pampered carcase with food delicious
 They did not feed, but to their sustenance.
 They followed not their flesh so vicious,
 But ruled it by prudent governance.
 They were content alway with suffisance,
 They coveted not no worldly treasure,
 For they knew that it might not endure.

But now-a-days the contrary is used :
 To win the money their studies be all set ;
 The common profit is often refused,
 For well is he that may the money get
 From his neighbor without any let.
 They think nothing they shall from it pass,
 When all that is shall be turned to was.

Douglas, Lyndesay, and Barclay.



GAWAIN DOUGLAS, a son of that famous Earl of Angus who is known in history and romance as "Bell the Cat," was born about the year 1474, and was educated at the University of St. Andrews. The story of the intrigues through which he was finally raised to the dignity of Bishop of Dunkeld is one of the most interesting in the annals of that stormy period. In 1513 he was obliged to flee from Scotland. He was kindly received by Henry VIII of England, who was so highly pleased with his work in literature that he allowed him a liberal pension during the rest of his life. He died in exile in 1521. Douglas translated into heroic rhymed verse the "Æneid" of Virgil, the first metrical version of any classic that had yet been made in English. He wrote, also (in 1501), a long allegorical poem entitled "The Palice of Honour," in which he endeavored to show the vanity of human glory, and to prove that it is only through virtue that true happiness and honor can be attained. "Like the other poets, French and English, of the last two centuries, Douglas woke on a morning of May, wandered in a garden, and beheld various masques or revels of the goddesses, heroes, poets, virtues, vices (such as 'Busteousness'), and classical and Biblical worthies. In his vision he characteristically confused all that he happened to know of the past,

made Sinon and Achitophel comrades in guilt and misfortune, while Penthesilea and Jephtha's daughter ranged together in Diana's company, and 'irrepreuabill Susane' rode about in the troop of 'Cleopatra and worthie Mark Anthone.' The diverting and pathetic combinations of this sort still render Douglas's poems rich in surprises, and he occasionally does poetical justice on the wicked men of antiquity, as when he makes Cicero knock down Catiline with a folio. To modern readers, his allegory seems to possess but few original qualities. His poem, indeed, is rich with descriptions of flowers and stately palaces; his style, like Venus's throne, is 'with stones rich over fret and cloth of gold'; his pictures have the quaint gorgeousand untarnished hues that we admire in the paintings of Crivelli. But these qualities he shares with so many other poets of the century which preceded his own, that we find him most original when he is describing some scene he knew too well, some hour of storm and surly weather, the bleakness of a Scotch winter, or a 'desert terribill,' like that through which 'Childe Roland to the dark tower came.' " ¹

Another allegorical poem written by Douglas was entitled "King Hart," and was a symbolical representation of the life of man. The Heart (King Hart) dwells in the castle of Mansoul, and is served and defended by five noble counsellors, — the five senses. He is besieged by Dame Pleasaunce, to whom he finally surrenders. At length, being deserted by Youthhead, Disport, and Fresh Delight, he is visited by Age, is attacked and wounded by Decrepitude, and conquered by Death.

¹ Andrew Lang.

The following brief extract, which will be found not easy reading, is from "The Palice of Honour":—

A DESERT TERRIBLE.

My rauist spreit¹ in that desert terribill,
 Approchit neir that vglie flude² horribill,
 Like till³ Cochyte⁴ the riuier infernall,
 With vile water quhilk⁵ maid a hiddious trubil,
 Rinnand ourheid,⁶ blude reid, and impossibill
 That it had been a riuier naturall;
 With brayis⁷ bair, raif rochis⁸ like to fall,
 Quhairon na gers⁹ nor herbis were visibill,
 Bot swappis¹⁰ brint¹¹ with blastis boriall.

This laithlie¹² flude rumland as thonder routit,
 In quhome¹³ the fisch yelland¹⁴ as eluis¹⁵ schoutit,
 Thair yelpis wilde my heiring all fordeifit,¹⁶
 Thay grym monstures my spreits abhorrit and doutit.
 Not throw the soyl bot muskane¹⁷ treis sproutit,
 Combust, barrant, vnblomit and vnleifit,
 Auld rottin runtis¹⁸ quhairin na sap was leifit,
 Moch, all waist, widderit with granis moutit,
 A ganand¹⁹ den, quhair murtherars men reifit.²⁰

Quhairfoir²¹ my seluin was richt sair agast,
 This wildernes abhominabill and waist,
 (In quhome nathing was nature comfortand)
 Was dark as rock, the quhilk the sey vpcast.
 The quhissilling²² wind blew mony bitter blast,
 Runtis rattillit and vneith²³ micht I stand.
 Out throw the wod I crap on fute and hand,
 The riuier stank, the treis clatterit fast.
 The soyl was nocht bot marres,²⁴ slike,²⁵ and sand.

¹ ravished spirit. ² flood. ³ to. ⁴ Cocytus. ⁵ which.
⁶ running overhead. ⁷ braes, slopes. ⁸ riven rocks. ⁹ grass.
¹⁰ sedges. ¹¹ burnt. ¹² loathly. ¹³ whom. ¹⁴ screaming.
¹⁵ elves. ¹⁶ deafened. ¹⁷ rotten. ¹⁸ trunks. ¹⁹ proper. ²⁰ rob.
²¹ wherefore. ²² whistling. ²³ scarcely. ²⁴ marsh. ²⁵ slime.

SIR DAVID LYNDESAY, another Scotchman prominent in the history of the earlier years of the sixteenth century, wrote chiefly on subjects connected with the men and events of his own time. Born in 1490, he became, when quite young, an inmate of the royal household, and was for many years attached to the service of King James V. He died in 1558. Among his most noteworthy works are "The Dreame" and the "Dialog concerning the Monarchie," in both of which he resorts to allegory—still one of the popular forms of literary composition. In the former he is led through a series of dissolving views of the past ages of the world, a journey to Hades, and a flight beyond the stars to an interview with "Sir Commonweal," who joins with him in lamentation over a realm misgoverned by an "ouir young king" and dissolute priests. The latter is in the form of a dialogue between Experience and a Courtier, and is an account of the most famous monarchies that have existed in the world. The story begins with the Creation, and ends with the Day of Judgment. In the "Complaint of the Papingo" (1530), written as a satire upon the vices of the clergy of his time, Lyndesay introduces a curious and somewhat interesting allegory of the corruptions of the Church. Of this allegory, Warton gives the following analysis:—

"In the primitive and pure ages of Christianity, the poet supposes, that the Church married Poverty, whose children were Chastity and Devotion. The Emperor Constantine soon afterwards divorced this sober and decent couple; and without obtaining or asking a dispensation, married the Church with great solemnity to Prôperty. Pope Silvester ratified the marriage: and

Devotion retired to a hermitage. They had two daughters, Riches and Sensuality, who were very beautiful, and soon attracted such great and universal regard that they acquired the chief ascendancy in all spiritual affairs. Such was the influence of Sensuality in particular, that Chastity, the daughter of the Church by Poverty, was exiled : she tried, but in vain, to gain protection in Italy and France. Her success was equally bad in England. She strove to take refuge in the court of Scotland : but they drove her from the court to the clergy. The bishops were alarmed at her appearance, and protested they would harbor no rebel to the See of Rome. They sent her to the nuns, who received her in form, with processions and other honors. But news being immediately dispatched to Sensuality and Riches, of her friendly reception among the nuns, she was again compelled to turn fugitive. She next fled to the mendicant friars, who declared they could not take charge of ladies. At last she was found secreted in the nunnery of the Burrowmoor near Edinburgh, where she had met her mother Poverty and her sister Devotion. Sensuality attempts to besiege this religious house, but without effect. The pious sisters were armed at all points, and kept an irresistible piece of artillery, called *Domine custodi nos.*"

Within quhose¹ schot, thare dar no enemies
 Approche their places for dread of dyntis dour² ;
 Both nicht and day they work lyke besie beis,³
 For thar defence reddie to stand in stour⁴ :
 And keip sic watchis on their utter tour,⁵
 That dame Sensuall with siege dar not assaile,
 Nor cum within the schot of thare artaile.⁶

¹ whose.

² hard knocks.

³ busy bees.

⁴ conflict.

⁵ outer tower.

⁶ artillery.

Of ALEXANDER BARCLAY, whose death occurred six years before that of Sir David Lyndesay, there would be no need of saying anything were it not that he was responsible for a certain allegorical satire whose interest now lies chiefly in its title. "The Shyp of Fooles, translated oute of Laten, Frenche, and Doch, into English tongue, by Alexander Barclay, preste and chaplen," was first printed in 1509. It is rather a paraphrase than a translation of a satire written by Sebastian Brandt, an eminent philologist of Basil, about the year 1470. From the original and two translations, one in French, the other in Latin, Barclay, by making large additions of his own, formed a poem of considerable length. The design was to ridicule the vices and follies of the age, by representing a ship freighted with fools of every kind; one hundred and thirteen several forms of folly are entered, with the author himself as their leader, or the First Fool, in the character of the Student, or Bookworm.

That in this ship the chief place I governe,
By this wide sea with foolis wandering,
The cause is plaine and easy to discerne;
Still am I busy bookes assembling,
For to have plentie it is a pleasaunt thing,
In my conceit, to have them ay at hand;
But what they meane do I not understande.

So in likewise of bookes I have a store,
But few I reade, and fewer understande;
I followe not their doctrine, nor their lore,
It is enough to beare a booke in hande:
It were too much to be in such a lande,
For to be bound to loke within the booke.
I am content on the fayre coveryng to looke.

The Mirror for Magistrates.



IN the last year of Queen Mary's reign, Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, projected a series of poems from English history in which all the illustrious but unfortunate characters who had lived since the time of the Conquest "were to pass in review before the poet, who descends, like Dante, into the infernal regions." This work was called "The Mirror for Magistrates, wherein may be seen by example of others with howe grevous plagues vices are punished, and how frayl and unstable worldly prosperity is found even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour." It was designed to be a continuation of Lydgate's "Fall of Princes," a book which had been translated from Boccaccio's Latin work "De Casibus Principum," but which had never attained to much popularity chiefly because it mentioned no English examples. Sackville, the projector of the work, wrote only two of the poems in the "Mirror,"—"The Induction," or general introduction, and "The Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham."

The "Induction" is in the form of an allegory, and it is with it only that we have to speak in this chapter. It opens, not with a May morning and a stroll among birds and flowers, but with a winter's night when everything wears a dreary and deserted aspect:—

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery,
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold ;
 And dropping down the tears abundantly,
 Each thing, methought, with weeping eye me told
 The cruel season, bidding me withhold
 Myself within ; for I was gotten out
 Into the fields where as I walked about,
 When lo, the night, with misty mantle spread,
 Gan dark the day, and dim the azure skies.

As the poet walks, he is reminded of the uncertainties of life, and while he ponders, "a piteous wight," all dressed in black, appears before him. She tells him that her name is Sorrow, and that she dwells among the Furies where Pluto holds his throne and Lethe's deadly taste "doth reive remembrance of each thing forepast." Sorrow then conducts the poet to the infernal regions. In his description of his descent to the grisly lake, our author borrows largely from the imagery of Virgil and Dante ; but his pictures of the allegorical characters which sat on the porch of hell are original, and are drawn with a master's hand. There he sees Remorse, and Dread, and Fell Revenge, Misery, Care, Sleep, the cousin of Death, Old Age, and Famine, and War, and Death himself. His description of Old Age will serve as an example.

Whoe'er had seen him sobbing how he stood
 Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
 His youth forepast, — as though it wrought him good
 To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone, —
 He would have mused and marvelled much, whereon
 This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
 And knows full well life doth but length his pain :

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed ;
 Went on three feet, and, sometimes, crept on four ;
 With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;

His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forelore,
 His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door ;
 Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath ;
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

Passing by these shadowy inhabitants of the porch,
 the poet, with his guide, Sorrow, is ferried over the
 loathsome lake of Acheron, and comes to —

The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
 Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
 The wide waste places, and the hugie plaine ;
 The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
 The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
 Earth, air, and all resounding plaint and moan.

Thence did we passe the threefold emperie
 To the utmost bounds where Rhadamanthus reigns,
 Where proud folke wail their woful misery ;
 Where dreadful din of thousands dragging chaines,
 And baleful shrieks of ghosts in deadly paines
 Tortured eternally are heard most brim
 Through silent shades of night so dark and dim.

From hence upon our way we forward passe,
 And through the groves and uncouth paths we go,
 Which lead unto the Cyclop's walls of Brasse :
 And where that maine broad flood for aye doth flow,
 Which parts the gladsome fields from place of woe :
 Whence none shall ever pass to the Elizium plaine,
 Or from Elizium ever turne againe.

Here pul'd the babes, and here the maids unwed
 With folded hands their sorry chance bewail'd,
 Here wept the guiltless slain, and lovers dead,
 That slew themselves when nothing else avail'd :
 A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wail'd
 With sighs, and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfear,
 That, oh, alas, it was a hell to hear.

Here a troop of men, most of them in arms, pass in order before the poet and Sorrow. These are they who have died untimely deaths, and of whom it is yet uncertain whether they will be doomed to eternal night or rewarded with everlasting bliss.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black, all pil'd, and quite forlorne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke hath made him now her skorne. . . .
And supping the tears that all his breast beraynde,
On cruel Fortune, weeping thus he playnde.

Here ends the "Induction," and the "Complaint of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham," begins. With reference to this remarkable allegory, Warton says: "The shadowy inhabitants of hell-gate are conceived with the vigor of a creative imagination, and described with great force of expression. They are delineated with that fulness of proportion, that invention of picturesque attributes, distinctness, animation, and amplitude of which Spenser is commonly supposed to have given the first specimens in our language, and which are characteristic of his poetry. We may venture to pronounce that Spenser at least caught his manner of designing allegorical personages from this model, which so greatly enlarged the former narrow bonds of our ideal imagery, as that it may be deemed an original in that style of painting."

The Purple Island.



AN ingenious allegorical poem, interesting chiefly for its strange conceits, is "The Purple Island; or, the Isle of Man," written by Phineas Fletcher,¹ and published in 1633.

An isle I fain would sing, an island fair ;
A place too seldom view'd, yet still in view ;
Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care ;
Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost ;
A foreign home, a strange, though native coast ;
Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

This "isle" is the body of man; and the poem is an allegorical and yet minute and elaborate description of the physical and intellectual nature of man. The work includes twelve cantos, each of which is represented as being sung by a shepherd to the neighboring shepherds and shepherdesses,—it being begun in the morning "and finished by folding-time in the evening." The first five cantos refer to the human body. The muscles, bones, arteries, and veins are pictured as hills, dales, streams, and rivers, and their various appearances and meanderings are described with great minuteness. The poet then proceeds in the remaining cantos to speak of

¹ Phineas Fletcher, a brother of the more famous Giles Fletcher, was born in 1582. He died in 1650.

the complex operations of the human mind. The king of the "Isle of Man" is Intellect, and he has the assistance of eight counsellors — the five senses, Common Sense, Fancy, and Memory. In the twelfth canto the battle of Mansoul is described. The Vices attack the Human Fortress, and a fierce contest ensues for the possession of the human soul. At length an angel (none other than King James I.!) appears upon the scene and promises victory to the Virtues.

The following extract is from "The Purple Island":—

PARTHENIA.

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
 And in the midst was set a circling rose ;
 Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
 New liveries, and fresher colors choose
 To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire ;
 But all in vain : for who can hope t' aspire
 To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire !

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
 A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row :
 But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
 Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
 And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
 Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears :
 The spheres so also sing, so only charm the spheres.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
 By force of th' inward sun both shine and move ;
 Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty ;
 In highest majesty, the highest love.
 As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
 The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame,
 So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

The Faerie Queene.



“THE Faerie Queene,” by Edmund Spenser,¹ is the most famous allegory in the English language. It consists of six books, of which the first contains the Legend of the Knight of the Red Cross; the second, that of Sir Guyon; the third, of Britomartis; the fourth, of Cambel and Triamond; the fifth, of Artegall; and the sixth, of Sir Calidore. It was originally planned to consist of twelve books, but whether the remaining six books were ever written is unknown. There is a tradition which asserts that through the carelessness of a servant they were lost on the passage across the sea from Ireland to England. The versification is based upon the *ottava rima* made so popular in Italian poetry by Tasso and Ariosto. Instead of eight lines to a stanza, however, there are nine. The first eight lines are iambic pentameters, and the ninth a hexameter, the stanza thus closing with a lingering cadence which adds greatly to the melody of the verse. This species of versification is now known as the Spenserian stanza. Since the work consists of six poems, each containing a dozen long cantos, the impossibility of giving in any brief space a complete analysis of the performance will be readily understood. Let us, however, point out some

¹ For an account of Spenser's life, see note, page 147. The “Faerie Queene” was first published in 1590-1596.

of its beauties and at the same time indicate certain portions of it that may be found worthy of special study.

The general plan of the work is partly explained by the poet in his dedicatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The object of the book, he says, is to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline—in imitation of Arthur, “the image of the brave Knight perfected in twelve moral virtues.” By the Faerie Queene he means, in a general sense, Glory, but in a particular sense “the most excellent and glorious person of our souveraine, the *Queen* and her kingdom in faerie land.”

“The beginning of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth book, which is the last, where I devise that the Faerie Queene kept her annual feast xii. days; upon which xii. severall days the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. bookes severally handled and discoursed. The first was this: In the beginning of the feast there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who, falling before the Queene of the Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure which during that feaste should happen. That being granted, he rested himself on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soon after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarf’s hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of the Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had been by an

huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew: and therefore besought the Faerie Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end, the Lady told him that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with dew.furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her of that adventure: where beginneth the first Booke, viz. :

“A gentle Knight was pricking on the playne,” etc.

The allegorical interpretation of the first Book, although seemingly intricate, is not at all difficult. It may be briefly summarized as follows: The Red Cross Knight is the personification of Holiness clad in the armor of the Christian warrior as described by St Paul: his loins are girt about with truth; his feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace; he has on the breast-plate of righteousness and the helmet of salvation; and he carries the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God. Thus armed, he goes forth to combat error wherever he may find it, and, above all, to win the grace of Gloriana. The lovely lady, fair Una, typifies Truth, and her milk-white lamb is Innocence. The dwarf, who lags so far behind her,

represents the natural physical life so far inferior, and ever so far behind, our spiritual body. The trees, among which they take refuge from the storm, probably typify the different conditions of life, as youth, pleasure, sorrow, glory, maturity, old age, etc. While contemplating these different conditions, the knight wanders into Error's ways and becomes involved in a deadly contest with that monster. Archimago, whom next they meet, is the Great Deceiver, and in him the poet probably meant to typify the Roman Catholic Church. His misrepresentation of Truth is the cause of a temporary alienation between Holiness and Truth, and of all the subsequent mishaps that occur to the knight. Sansfoy is, as his name indicates, the personification of Infidelity. Duessa, the two-faced deceiver, is the Catholic Church typified as a woman clothed in scarlet, this figure being suggested by a passage in the Apocalypse. Fradubio is the doubter who hesitates between the corrupt Romish Church and the purer, but by no means true, philosophy of the ancients, which is here represented by Fræliſſa. Neither Fradubio nor Fræliſſa can become useful, living members of the body social until they have been "bathed in a living well," in that living water of which Christ spoke to the woman of Samaria. The lion which espouses the cause of Truth and follows her so bravely is Reason. The blind woman and her daughter who at first refuse to listen to the words of Truth are Ignorance and Superstition. When the church-robber brings his stolen offerings to Superstition, she is prevented from receiving them because she has Truth and Reason with her. Reason is finally slain by Lawlessness, — Sansloy, — who also fights with and overcomes Archimago, whom he has

mistaken for Holiness. Holiness is conducted by Duessa to the House of Pride, where he fights with Joylessness, — Sansjoy, —and, although victor in the end, is wounded by him. Joylessness would have ceased to exist had not the “diabolical faith,” represented by Duessa, obtained from hell new lease of life for him. The fountain at which the knight drinks feebleness and faintness of heart signifies Weariness-in-well-doing. The giant who takes him captive is Worldly Pleasure. Then Arthur, the perfection of all virtues, comes to the rescue, slays the giant, wounds the many-headed beast upon which Duessa sits and which represents the ritual and traditions of Romanism, and liberates Holiness from the delusions and snares into which he has been led by Despair. Afterwards, Truth brings the Red Cross Knight to the house of Holiness, where Faith, Hope, and Charity dwell with their heavenly mother, and there, through the aid of Faith, he is enabled to see the vision of the eternal city. Finally, having fought the good fight, and having obtained the victory over Sin, he becomes thenceforward the legal champion and defender of Truth, thereby meriting and receiving the gracious approval of Gloriana.

“The second book, ‘Of Temperance,’ pursues the subject, and represents the internal conquests of self-mastery, the conquests of a man over his passions, his violence, his covetousness, his ambition, his despair, his sensuality. Sir Guyon, after conquering many foes of goodness, is the destroyer of the most perilous of them all, Acrasia, licentiousness, and her ensnaring Bower of Bliss. But after this, the thread at once of story and allegory, slender at the best, is often entirely lost. The third book, the ‘Legend of Chastity,’ is a

repetition of the ideas of the latter part of the second, with a heroine, Britomart, in place of the Knight, and with a special glorification of the high-flown and romantic sentiments about purity, which were the poetic creed of the courtiers of Elizabeth, in flagrant and sometimes in tragic contrast to their practical conduct of life. The loose and ill-compacted nature of the plan becomes still more evident in the second instalment of the work. Even the special note of each particular virtue becomes more faint and indistinct. The one law to which the poet feels bound is to have twelve cantos in each book; and to do this he is sometimes driven to what in later times has been called padding. One of the cantos of the third book is a genealogy of British kings from Geoffrey of Monmouth; one of the cantos of the 'Legend of Friendship' is made up of an episode, describing the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, with an elaborate catalogue of the English and Irish rivers, and the names of the sea-nymphs. In truth, he had exhausted his proper allegory, or he got tired of it. His poem became an elastic framework, into which he could fit whatever interested him and tempted him to composition. The gravity of the first books disappears. He passes into satire and caricature. We meet with Braggadochio and Trompart, with the discomfiture of Malecasta, with the conjugal troubles of Malbecco and Helenore, with the imitation from Ariosto of the Squire of Dames. He puts into verse a poetical physiology of the human body; he translates Lucretius, and speculates on the origin of human souls; he speculates, too, on social justice, and composes an argumentative refutation of the Anabaptist theories of right and equality among men. The poem is really a collection of

separate tales and allegories, as much as the 'Arabian Nights,' or, as its counterpart and rival of our own century, the 'Idylls of the King.' As a whole it is confusing: but we need not treat it as a whole. Its continued interest soon breaks down. But it is probably best that Spenser gave his mind the vague freedom which suited it, and that he did not make efforts to tie himself down to his pre-arranged but too ambitious plan. We can hardly lose our way in it, for there is no way to lose. It is a wilderness in which we are left to wander. But there may be interest and pleasure in a wilderness, if we are prepared for the wandering."¹

"If you love poetry well enough to enjoy it for its own sake," says Leigh Hunt, "let no evil reports of his *allegory* deter you from an acquaintance with Spenser, for great will be your loss. His allegory itself is but one part allegory and nine parts beauty and enjoyment; sometimes an excess of flesh and blood. . . . His wholesale poetical belief, mixing up all creeds and mythologies, but with less violence, resembles that of Dante and Boccaccio. . . . His versification is almost perpetual honey. He is not so great a poet as Shakespeare or Dante; he has less imagination though more fancy than Milton. . . . He has had more idolatry and imitation from his brethren than all the rest put together. The old undramatic poets, Drayton, Browne, Drummond, Giles, and Phineas Fletcher, were as full of him as the dramatic were of Shakespeare. Milton studied and used him, calling him 'sage and serious Spenser'; and adding that he 'dared be known to think him a better teacher than Scotus and Aquinas.' Cowley said he became a poet by reading him. Dryden claimed him for a

¹ R. W. Church.

master. Pope said he read him with as much pleasure when he was old as when he was young. Collins and Gray loved him ; Thomson, Shenstone, and a host of inferior writers expressly imitated him ; Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Keats made use of his stanza ; Coleridge eulogized him."

"No modern is more like Homer," says M. Taine. "Like Homer, he is always simple and clear ; he makes no leaps, he omits no argument, he robs no word of its primitive and ordinary meaning, he preserves the natural sequence of ideas. Like Homer again, he is redundant, ingenuous, even childish. He says everything, he puts down reflections which we have made beforehand ; he repeats without limit his grand ornamental epithets. We can see that he beholds objects in a beautiful uniform light, with infinite detail ; that he wishes to show all this detail, never fearing to see his happy dream change or disappear ; that he traces its outline with a regular movement, never hurrying or slackening. He is even a little prolix, too unmindful of the public, too ready to lose himself and dream about the things he beholds. His thought expands in vast, repeated comparisons, like those of the old Ionic bard."

"There is," says Hazlitt, "an originality, richness, and variety in his allegorical personages and fictions, which almost vie with the splendor of ancient mythology. If Ariosto transports us into the regions of romance, Spenser's poetry is all fairyland. In Ariosto we walk upon the ground, in a company gay, fantastic, and adventurous enough. In Spenser we wander in another world among ideal beings. The poet takes and lays us in the lap of a lovelier nature, by the sound of softer streams, among greener hills and fairer valleys."

EXTRACTS FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

FIRST ADVENTURE OF THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

BOOK I. — CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
 Foule Errour doth defeate ;
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
 Doth to his home entreate.¹

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steede did chide² his foaming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine³ hope, which in his helpe he had.
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ;
 But of his cheere, did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious Queene of Faery lond)

¹ For Notes, see page 147, and after.

To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely laidie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white than snow ;
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,
As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held ;
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Iove an hideous storme of raine

Did poure into his lemans lap⁴ so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr ;
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne and leading inward farr :
 Faire harbour that them seems ; so in they entred ar.

And'foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees⁵ so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all ;
 The aspine good for staves ; the cypresse funerall ;⁶

The laurell⁷ meed of mightie conquerours
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;
 The willow,⁸ worne of forlorne paramours ;
 The eugh, obedient to the benders will ;
 The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitful olive ; and the platane⁹ round ;
 The carver holme ; the maple, seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;
 When, weening to returne, whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne ;
 So many paths, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

“Be well aware,” quoth then that ladie milde,
 “Least suddaine mischiefes ye too rash provoke :
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts : oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show ; therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.”
 “Ah, Ladie,” sayd he, “shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade.”

“Yea, but,” quoth she, “the perill of this place
 I better wot then you : Though nowe too late
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,

Yet wisdom warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the Wandring Wood, this Errours Den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
 Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
 The fearefull dwarfe ; "this is no place for living men."

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,¹⁰
 The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide ;
 But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
 And looked in : his glistring armor made
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade ;
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine.
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspread,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting : of her there bred
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one
 Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head ; whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraille.¹¹
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;

For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
Therewith enraged she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst ;
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd ;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground :
Tho, wrapping up her wreathed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine :

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, " Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee ;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain ;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

Therewith she spewed out of her filthie maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frog and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed ;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
 That, wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawn of serpents small,
 (Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,)
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
 High on a hill, his flocke to vewen wide,

Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best,
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
 Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
 And stroke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,
 He raft ¹² her hatefull heade without remorse :
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her
 corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly all with troublous feare
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood ;
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

His lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre,
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie ;
 And saide, " Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye ;
 Well worthie be you of that armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,

And prov'd your strength on a strong enimie ;
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may !”

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
 And with the lady backward sought to wend :¹³
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne ever would to any by-way bend ;
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought :
 Long way he traveled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad ;
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was ;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of strange adventures, which abroad did pas.
 “ Ah ! my dear sonne,” quoth he, how should, alas !
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding¹⁴ his beades all day for his trespás,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
 "Of such," saide he, "I chiefly doe inquere;
 And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough¹⁵ great distresse."
 "Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forweared be; for what so strong,
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
 The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

"Then with the sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin:
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
 "Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
 Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
 Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent:
 Therefore with me ye may take up your in
 For this same night." The knight was well content;
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas

In travell to and froe : a little wyde ¹⁶
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morne and eventyde :
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was ;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will :
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas :
 He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast ;
 And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slombering deaw, the which to sleep them
 biddes,
 Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes :
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his studie goes ; and there amiddes
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
 He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out a few words most horrible,
 (Let none them read !) thereof did verses frame :
 With which, and other spelles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame ¹⁷ ;
 And cursed Heven ; and spake reprochful shame
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.

A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
 Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night ;
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx¹⁸ is put to flight.

UNA AND THE LION.

BOOK I. — CANTO III.

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t' unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast feälty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced¹ in despayre,
 And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who, subtilly betrayd

Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond ; she of nought afrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh wearie of the yrksome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight ;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight ;
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside : Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven,² shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

Instead thereof, he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :—
 But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
 As the god of my life? why hath he me abhord?"

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard ;
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard :
 From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

THE PROCESSION OF THE PASSIONS.

BOOK I. — CANTO IV.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall dame,¹ and for her coche doth call :
 All hurtlen forth ; and she, with princely pace,
 As faire Aurora, in her purple pall,
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
 So forth she comes ; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other, upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eies amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Iunoes golden chayre²; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Loves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
 On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde ;
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of Sin ;
 Upon a slouthful asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin ;
 Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little redd ;
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd :
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himselve he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
 From every worke he chalenged essoyne,
 For contemplation sake : yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise ;
 By which he grew to grievous malady :
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
 A shaking fever raignd continually :
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne ;
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;
 And like a crane his neck was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne :
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;
 For other clothes he could not wear for heate :
 And on his head an yvie girland had,

From under which fast trickled downe the sweat :
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hande did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can :
 In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go ;
 Not meete to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seeldome knew his fo :
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
 Such one was Gluttony, second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged heare,
 And whally eies, (the sign of gelosy,)
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare :
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare ;
 Unseemly man to please fair ladies eye :
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by :
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy !

In a greene gown he clothed was full faire,
 Which underneath did hide his filthinesse ;
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse :³
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse ;
 And learned had to love with secret lookes ;

And well could daunce; and sing with ruefulness;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving bookes:
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold;
Accursed usury was all his trade;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
Whose welth was want; whose plenty made him pore;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
A vile disease; and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw ;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neibors welth, that made him ever sad ;
 For death it was, when any good he saw ;
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
 But, when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes :
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitee
 Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse, that any like did use ;
 And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse :
 So every good to bad he doth abuse :
 And eke the verse of famous poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writt :
 Such one vile Envy was, that fiftē in row did sitt.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
 Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,

The which he brandisheth about his hed :
 His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld ;
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded ;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent ;
 Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood ;
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement :
 But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent ;
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath ;
 Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
 Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
 Bitter Despight with Rancours rusty knife ;
 And fretting Griefe, the enemy of life :
 All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and St. Fraunces fire :⁴
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showting for joy ; and still before their way

A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport :
 Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine :
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

DUESSA'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

BOOK I. — CANTO V.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
 To yawning gulfe of deep Avernus¹ hole :
 By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
 With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell : there creature never past,
 That backe retourned without heavenly grace ;
 But dreadfull furies, which their chaines have brast,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
 Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
 And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive :
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,

Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies ; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully ;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,²
Whereas the damned ghostes in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Iove, the which them thither sent
The hous of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous ;
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly :
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of heaven to sin ;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin ;
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw ;
Typhœus ioynts were stretched on a gin ;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law ;
And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part ;
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remédillesse ;
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus³ a iolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore :
 He all his peeres in beauty did surpas :
 But ladies love, as losse of time, forbore :
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more ;
 But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
 Her love she turned to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd ;

Who, all in rage, his sea-god syre besought
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast :
 From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

His cruell stepdame, seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.

Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong that did offend :
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Dianes meanes who was Hippolyts friend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive ;
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore ;
Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight :
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

“ Ah dame,” quoth he, “ thou temptest me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew ;
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay ;

But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both Night and
 Day?"

"Not so," quoth she; "but, sith that heavens king
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou far renommed sonne
 Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne."

Her words prevaild; and then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els the which his art did teach;
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd Darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne⁴ there in the leaches cure;
 And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINA.

BOOK II.—CANTO VII.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
 Yet, forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd,
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished

With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be
redd :

Not such as earth out of her fruitfull woomb,
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well savored,
But direfull deadly black, both leafe and bloom,
Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the drery toombe.

There mournfull cypresse grew in greatest store ;
And trees of bitter gall ; and heben sad ;
Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;
Cold coloquintida ; and tetra mad ;
Mortall samnitis ; and cicuta bad,
With which th' uniust Atheniens made to dy
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pourd out his life and last philosophy
To the fayre Critias, his dearest belamy !

The gardin of Prosérpina this hight :
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arber goodly over dight,
In which she often usd from open heat
Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat :
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold ;
On earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold ;
For those, which Hercules¹ with conquest bold
Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,

And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold ;
 And those, with which th' Eubœan young man² wan
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which Acontius³ got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit :
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
 The which emongst the gods false Ate⁴ threw ;
 For which th' Idæan ladies⁵ disagreed,
 Till partiall Paris dempt it Venus dew,
 And had of her fayre Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greekes and Troians made to bleed.

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS.

BOOK III.—CANTO VI.

In that same gardin all the goodly flowres,
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify
 And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
 Are fetcht : there is the first seminary¹
 Of all things that are borne to live and dye,
 According to their kynds.² Long worke it were
 Here to account the endlesse progeny
 Of all the weeds that bud and blossome there ;
 But so much as doth need must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
 And girt in with two walls on either side ;
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough breake, nor overstride ;

And double gates it had which opened wide,
 By which both in and out men moten pas ;
 Th' one faire and fresh, the other old and dride :
 Old Genius³ the porter of them was,
 Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
 All that to come into the world desire :
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which doe require
 That he with fleshly weeds would them attire :
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,⁴
 And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
 Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe returned beene,
 They in that gardin planted bee agayne,
 And grow afresh, as they had never seene
 Fleshly corruption nor mortall payne :
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
 And then of him are clad with other hew,
 Or sent into the changefull world agayne,
 Till thether they retourne where first they grew :
 So, like a wheele, arownd they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there gardiner to sett or sow,
 To plant or prune ; for of their owne accord
 All things, as they created were, doe grow,
 And yet remember well the mighty word
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty Lord,
 That bad them to *increase and multiply* :
 Ne doe they need, with water of the ford
 Or of the clouds, to moysten their roots dry :
 For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.⁵

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew:
 And every sort is in a sondry bed
 Sett by itselſe, and ranckt in comely rew:
 Some fitt for reasonable sowles t'indew;
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare;
 And all the fruitfull spawnne of fishes hew
 In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
 That seemd the ocean could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stocke not lessened nor spent,
 But still remains in everlasting store
 As it at first created was of yore:
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darknes and in deep horróre,
 An huge eternall chaos, which supplies,
 The substaunces of Natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter whereof they are made;
 Which, whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a body, and doth then invade
 The state of life out of the griesly shade.
 That substaunce is eterne, and bideth so;
 Ne, when the life decays and forme does fade
 Doth it consume and into nothing goe,
 But chaunged is and often altred to and froe.

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
 But th' only forme and outward fashion;
 For every substaunce is conditioned

To chaunge her hew, and sondry formes to don,
 Meet for her temper and complexion :
 For formes are variable, and decay
 By course of kinde and by occasion ;
 And that faire flowre of beautie fades away
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the gardin of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Time ; who with his scyth addrest
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they do wither and are fowly mard :
 He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
 Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire thinges mard and spoiled quight :
 And their great mother Venus did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight :
 Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight.
 When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight :
 For all that lives is subiect to that law :
 All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull gardin growes
 Should happy bee, and have immortall blis :
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes ;
 And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes
 Without fell rancor or fond gealosity :

Franckly each paramour his leman knowes ;
 Each bird his mate ; ne any does envy
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
 Continuall, both meeting at one tyme :
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton pryme,
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clyme,
 Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode :
 The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
 Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
 And their trew loves without suspition tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never lop,
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the hight,
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground, with pretious deaw bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasant arber, not by art
 But of the trees owne inclination⁶ made,
 Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
 With wanton yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
 And eglantine and caprifole emong,
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,
 That nether Phœbus beams could through them throng
 Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew every sorte of flowre,⁷
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore ;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure
 And dearest love ;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry shore ;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late,
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
 To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless date.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

BOOK II. — CANTO XII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
 Whereas¹ the Bowre of Bliss was situate ;
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
 That natures worke by art can imitate :
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 As well their entred guestes to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;
 Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
 But Wisedomes powre, and Temperaunces might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin :
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt ;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Iason and Medæa was ywritt ;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt ;
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt ;
 The wondred² Argo, which in venturous peece
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flowr of
 Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent ;
 And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes blood³ therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent ;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled
 Yt seemd th' enchanted flame, which did Cræusa⁴ wed.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all
 Which thether came : but in the porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
 That travelers to him seemd to entize ;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

They in that place him Genius did call :
 Not that celestiall Powre⁵ to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all

That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes, doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware :
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yt each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee :

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes⁶ call ;
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see :
 He of this gardin had the governall,
 And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed rownd about ; and by his side
 A mighty mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrifide ;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfide :
 So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by ;
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants
 sly.

Thus being entred they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns ; whose fayre grassy grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne

Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early
 morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall
 Lookte on them lovely, still in stedfaste state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate :
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
 T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempted, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom
 smell :

More sweet and wholesome then the pleasaunt hill
 Of Rhodope,⁷ on which the nymphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for grieffe did kill ;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phœbus hart with love did gore ;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;
 Or sweet Parnasse the haunt of muses fayre :
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

Much wondered Guyon at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sence nor mind affect ;
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will and maystering his might :
 Till that he came unto another gate ;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and branches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes in wanton wreathings intricate.

FLORIMEL AND THE WITCH'S SON.

BOOK III.—CANTO VII.

Like as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
 That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
 Yet flyes away of her owne feete afeard ;
 And every leafe, that shaketh with the least
 Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast :
 So fledd fayre Florimell¹ from her vaine feare,
 Long after she from peril was releast :
 Each shade she saw, and each noyse she did heare,
 Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
 And all that night her course continewed :
 Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent
 Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
 Ever alike, as if her former dred
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest :
 And her white palfrey, having conquered
 The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
 Perforce her carried where ever he thought best.

So long as breath and hable puissaunce
 Did native corage unto him supply,
 His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
 And carried her beyond all ieopardy ;
 But nought that wanteth rest can long aby :
 He, having through incessant traveill spent
 His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
 Ne foot could further move : the lady gent²
 Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment ;

And, forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare
 A traveiler unwonted to such way ;
 Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equall launce³ doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
 So long she traveild, till at length she came
 To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
 A litle valley subiect to the same,
 All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
 A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky :
 Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
 That in the same did wonne some living wight.
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
 And came at last in weary wretched plight
 Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
 A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
 In homely wize, and wald with sods around ;
 In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes
 And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes ;
 So choosing solitarie to abide
 Far from all neighbours, that her divelish deedes
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,
 And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

The damzell there arriving entred in ;
 Where sitting on the flore the hag she found
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin :
 Who, soone as she beheld that suddeine stound,

Lightly upstarted from the dustie ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake for great amaze ;
But shewed by outward signes that dread her sence did
daze.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, What devill had her thether brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unsought ?
To which the damzell full of doubtfull thought
Her mildly answer'd ; “ Beldame, be not wroth
With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th.”

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient perles did purely shyne
Upon her snowy cheeke ; and therewithall
She sighed soft, that none so bestiall
Nor salvage hart but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or piteously appall ;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischief, was much moved at so pitteous sight :

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wyse,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
And bidding her sit downe to rest her faint
And wearie limbes awhile : she nothing quaint
Nor 'sdeignfull of so homely fashion,

Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
 Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon ;
 As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent
 And her loose lockes to dight in order dew
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament ;
 Whom such whenas the wicked hag did vew,
 She was astonisht at her heavenly hew,
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 But or some goddessse, or of Dianes crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble spright :
 T' adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
 A laesy loord⁴ for nothing good to donne,
 But stretched forth in ydlennesse alwayes,
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade ;
 But all the day before the sunny rayes
 He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade :
 Such laesienesse both lewd and poor attonce him made.

He, comming home at undertime, there found
 The fayrest creature that he ever saw
 Sitting beside his mother on the ground ;
 The sight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his base thought with terrour and with aw
 So inly smot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
 On the bright sunne unwares, doth soone withdraw
 His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd ;
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
 That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
 And by what accident she there arriv'd?
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd
 With nought but ghastly looks him answered;
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd .
 From Stygian shores where late it wandered:
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the fayre virgin was so meeke and myld,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld
 Her gentle speach applyde, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place.
 During which time the chorle, through her so kind
 And courteise, conceiv'd affection bace,
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind;
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As unto her to utter his desire;
 His caytive thought durst not so high aspire:
 But with soft sighes and lovely semblaunces
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread; many resemblaunces
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

Oft from the forrest wildings⁵ he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red;
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
 His maistresse praises sweetly carolèd:

Girlonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
 He fine would dight ; sometimes the squirrel wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild :
 All which she of him tooke with countenance meeke and
 mild.

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
 To leave that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wize herselfe thence to withdraw,
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
 Might by the witch or by her sonne compast ;
 Her wearie palfrey, closely⁶ as she might,
 Now well recovered after long repast,
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
 His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely, ere the dawning day appear'd,
 She forth issewed, and on her iourney went ;
 She went in perill, of each noyse affeard
 And of each shade that did itselfe present ;
 For still she feared to be overhent
 Of that vile hag, or her uncivile sonne ;
 Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
 That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
 To make exceeding mone as they had beene undonne.

COLIN CLOUT AND HIS FAIRE LASSIE.

BOOK VI. — CANTO X.

Unto this place whenas the elfin knight¹
 Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,

And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He neigher drew, to weete what mote it be ;
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a shepheard piping he did see.

He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking off their daunce, if he were seene ;
But in the covet of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde :
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himselve his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round ; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme ;
And in the middest of those same three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme,
Amidst a ring most richly well enchased,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graded.

Looke ! how the crowne, which Ariadne² wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay ;
Being now placed in the firmament,

Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
 And is unto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
 Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell :
 But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
 Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
 Did her beseeme : and ever, as the crew
 About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
 And fragrant odours they uppon her threw ;
 But, most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night :
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt ;
 And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
 Is borrow'd of them : but that faire one,
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
 Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone ;
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, too weete, that iolly shepheard's lasse,
 Which piped there unto that merry rout ;
 That iolly shepheard, which there piped, was
 Poore Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin Clout?)
 He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
 Pype, iolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
 Unto thy love that made thee low to lout ;
 Thy love is present there with thee in place ;
 Thy love is there advaunst to be another grace.

Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene ;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene ;
Whether it were the traine of beauties queene,
Or nymphes, or faeries, or enchanted show ;
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
They vanisht all away³ out of his sight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,
All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne :
But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne :

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake ;
“ Haile, iolly shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes !
Tell me what mote these dainty damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes ;
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see !
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ? ”

“ Not I so happy, ” answerd then that swaine,
“ As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe ;

For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of themselves list so to grace."
 "Right sorry I," saide then Sir Calidore,
 "That my ill-fortune did them hence displace :
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves so
 sore."

Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate ;
 "Then wote, thou shepheard, whatso'er thou bee,
 That all those ladies which thou sawest late,
 Are Venus damzels, all within her fee,
 But differing in honour and degree ;
 They all are graces which on her depend ;
 Besides a thousand more which ready bee
 Her to adorne, whenso she forth doth wend ;
 But those three in the midst, doe chiefe on her attend.

"They are the daughters of sky-ruling Iove,
 By him begot of faire Eurynome,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 As he, this way comming from feastful glee
 Of Thetis wedding with Aecidee,⁴
 In sommers shade himselfe here rested weary.
 The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,⁵
 Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry ;
 Sweete goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry!

"These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde.
 To make them lovely or well-favoured show ;
 As comely carriage, entertainment kinde,
 Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 And all the complements of curtesie :

They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
 We should ourselves demeane, to low, to hie,
 To friends, to foes ; which skill men call civility.

“Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be ;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true from covert malice free ;
 And eeke themselves so in their daunce they bore,
 That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
 But one still towards shew'd herselfe afore ;
 That good should from us goe, then come in greater
 store.

“Such were those goddesses which ye did see :
 But that fourth mayd, which there amidst them traced,
 Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from heven first enraced !
 But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth with those three other placed :
 Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse ;
 Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe :

“So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
 All other lesser lights in light excell ;
 So farre doth she in beautyfull array
 Above all other lasses beare the bell ;⁶
 Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
 Doth she exceede the rest of all her race ;
 For which the graces, that here wont to dwell,
 Have for more honor brought her to this place,
 And graced her so much to be another grace.

"Another grace she well deserves to be,
 In whom so many graces gathered are,
 Excelling much the meane of her degree ;
 Divine resemblaunce, beauty souveraine rare,
 Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare !
 All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
 That all her peres cannot with her compare,
 But quite are dimmed when she is in place :
 She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

"Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
 That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
 Great Gloriana,⁷ greatest majesty !
 Pardon thy Shepheard, mongst so many layes
 As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
 To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
 And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
 That, when thy glory shall be farre displayd
 To future age, of her this mention may be made !"

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
 Sayd Calidore : "Now sure it yrketh mee,
 That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse breach,
 As now the author of thy bale to be,
 Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee :
 But, gentle shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
 Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
 Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
 And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

NOTES.

Biographical Note. — EDMUND SPENSER was born in London in 1552. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1576. At college he was the intimate friend of Gabriel Harvey and other men of note; and during the next three years, a part of which was spent in London, he became acquainted with Philip Sidney, and others in Lord Leicester's household. In 1580 was published, but without his name, "The Shepherds Calender"; and in the autumn of that year he went to Ireland as the private secretary of Lord Grey of Wilton. The remainder of his life, with the exception of short visits to England, was spent in Ireland, where he finally settled on a grant of forfeited land at Kilcolman in the county of Cork. Sir Walter Raleigh, who visited him in 1589, persuaded him to accompany him to London, where, in 1590, he published the first three books of "The Faerie Queene." In 1591 he returned to Ireland; and in June, 1594, he married Elizabeth, the daughter of a neighbor settler. (See note 7, at top of page 154). The next year he again visited London, and in January, 1595-96, published the fourth, fifth, and sixth Books of the "Faerie Queene." About the same time were published his "Colin Clouts Come Home Again," an account of his visit to the Court in 1589-90, and an "Epithalamion," relating to his courtship and marriage. In 1598 a bloody rebellion was inaugurated by the Irish. Spenser's castle was sacked and burned, and he and his family barely escaped with their lives. In the following year he returned in great distress to London. He died in King Street, Westminster, Jan. 16, 1599, and was buried in the Abbey.

FIRST ADVENTURE OF THE RED CROSS KNIGHT. (Page 100.)

1. Each book of "The Faerie Queene" consists of twelve cantos of about fifty stanzas each. Each canto is introduced by a four-line doggerel, containing the argument, or a brief summary of the narrative — in imitation, doubtless, of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso."

2. **chide**, champ. Spenser uses many words in a sense quite different from their ordinary meaning. **Angry**, in the same line, means *impatient*. The reader will find some of these expressions briefly explained in the Glossary which follows these Notes; the special meaning attached to many other words is sufficiently obvious from the context.

3. **soveraine**, efficacious, saving — now usually *sovereign*.

"Some sovereign comforts drawn from common sense." — *Dryden*.

From the Latin *supern*, supreme, which in turn is from *supra*, above. The old spelling *souvan*, or even *soveraine*, is nearer the Latin.

4. **lemans lap.** Earth is here represented as Jove's sweetheart (leman). In the Greek mythology she is the consort of Uranus, the heavens.

5. **the trees.** Compare this catalogue of trees with that given by Chaucer on page 62 of this volume. **Much can they praise** is a favorite expression of Spenser's, and occurs very often in this poem.

6. **Cypresse funerall.** The Romans dedicated the cypress to Pluto, because, when once cut, it never grows again. Cypress wreaths were much used at funerals.

7. **laurell.** The Greeks gave a wreath of laurel to the victor in the Pythian games. In modern times, the laurel is a symbol of victory and peace. It was a custom in the English universities to present a laurel wreath to graduates in poetry and rhetoric, hence the term *poet laureate*.

8. **willow.** Fuller says, "The willow is a sad tree, whereof such as have lost their love make their mourning garlands." The Jews in captivity were represented as hanging their harps on the willows; that is, laying aside mirth for weeping. See "Much Ado About Nothing," Act ii. sc. i.

9. **platane, plane-tree.** **holme,** probably the holly.

10. **greedy hardiment,** eager hardihood.

11. **without entraile,** untwisted.

12. **raft.** Past tense of *rifft*, to split, to cleave.

13. **wend.** From A.-S. *wendan*, to go. We still use its past tense, *went*, and also, in poetry, *wend* and its variations.

14. **Bidding his beades,** counting his beads. The word *bead* originally meant a prayer, and *biddan* (A.-S.) meant to pray. When little balls with holes through them were used for keeping account of the number of prayers, the name bead was gradually transferred to them.

15. **thorough.** An old form of the word *through*, still retained in *thorough-fare*. From Teut. *thuru*, a gate, a passage; whence *duru*, door.

16. **a little wyde,** a little way off, at a little distance.

17. **Plutoes griesly dame.** Proserpina.

18. **Gorgon, Cocytus, Styx.** See "Classical Dictionary."

UNA AND THE LION. (Page III.)

1. **divorced,** separated. Through the wiles of the magician (Hypocrisy), the meeting with whom is described in the first canto, the Red Cross Knight has deserted Una, and she is now wandering alone through the wilderness, searching for him.

2. **eye of heaven.**

"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens."

— *Shakespeare, King Richard II.*

THE PROCESSION OF THE PASSIONS. (Page 114.)

1. **roiall dame.** Lucifera, or Pride, the daughter of Pluto and Proserpina. She and her six counsellors are the seven deadly sins.

2. **Iunoes golden chayre.** Juno is represented in mythology and in ancient works of art as riding through fields of air in a golden chariot drawn by peacocks.

"The sea-gods granted: in her easy car,
By painted peabirds, Saturnia moves
Through the clear air."—*Ovid.*

Ovid also says that Juno planted the eyes of Argus in the tail of her favorite bird; but others assert that Argus himself was turned into a peacock.

3. **new-fangleness.** The word *new-fangled* is frequently used by the older writers. *Fangle*, from A.-S. *fengan*, to begin; sometimes used in the sense of foolish, trifling.

"Constant without newfangledness."—*Roger Ascham.*

4. **St. Fraunces fire.** Probably "St. Anthony's fire," erysipelas.

Compare the description of Envy, on page 118, with that in "Piers Ploughman," on page 30.

DUESSA'S DESCENT INTO HELL. (Page 120.)

The Saracen Knight, Sansfoy, is defeated in battle by the Red Cross Knight, and is left as dead upon the field. Duessa, in the chariot of Night, descends to hell in order to have him healed by Esculapius, the god of the medical art.

1. **Avernus.** (From Gr. *a-ornos*, without birds.) A lake in Campania, the gaseous fumes from which were said to kill all the birds that attempted to fly over it. It was called the entrance to hell, and such is the meaning of the word here used.

2. **Phlegeton.**

". . . The infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds."—*Pope.*

Compare these two stanzas with a similar description in Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." See "Classical Dictionary," for proper names.

Tityus. The poet probably means Prometheus.

3. **Hippolytus.** For the story of Hippolytus see the tragedy of Euripides having this title, also the "Phèdre" of Racine. A very similar legend is that of Saiawush and his step-mother Súdaveh, related in the Persian "Sháh Nameh."

4. **Aveugles sonne.** Literally, the son of blindness, *i.e.* Sansfoy, the Saracen Knight, the personification of unbelief.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINA. (Page 124.)

1. **Hercules.** The eleventh task of Hercules was to bring to his master Eurystheus the golden apples of the Hesperides. These apples were in the keeping of the Western-Maids, the "the clear-voiced Hesperides," whom Hesiod describes as the daughters of Night. It was Atlas who procured the apples for Hercules. Milton, in "Comus," speaks of

"Hesperus and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree."

2. **Eubœan young man.** Milanion. See "Classical Dictionary."

3. The story of Acontius was derived by Ovid, from a lost poem by Callimachus, entitled "Cydippe." See "Classical Dictionary."

4. **false Ate.** Ate, the goddess of Discord, was not invited to the wedding feast of Thetis and Peleus. Angered at the slight thus put upon her, she threw on the table, where all the other deities were sitting, a golden apple "for the most beautiful." It was claimed by Juno, Pallas, and Venus, here called "th' Idæan ladies." These submitted their case, finally, to Paris, a shepherd on Mount Ida. Paris awarded the apple to Venus, and the final result of his judgment was the Trojan War.

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS. (Page 128.)

1. **first seminary,** place of origin; seed-place. From Lat. *semen, seminis*, seed.

2. **kynds, natures.** Spenser constantly uses the word *kind* for *nature*. He also says *kindly* for *natural*, and *unkindly* for *unnaturally*. The author of the "Vision of Piers Ploughman" personifies nature as Kind.

3. **Old Genius,** the generator. From Lat. *geno*, or *gigno*, to beget. In Roman mythology, Genius was a deity who had the power of pardoning. "Every man had his Genius, and every woman her Juno; that is, a spirit who had given them being, and was regarded as their protector through life; whence the Jews, and from them the Christians, derived their idea of Guardian Angels."—*Keightley*. It was sometimes difficult to distinguish a man's Genius from himself. (See page 132, bottom.) The word finally came to denote innate talent (birth-wit); whence extraordinary mental power, ingenuity, intellect.

4. **sinfull mire,** mortal clay. So Milton, in "Comus" (line 244), speaks of the "mortal mixture of earth's mould."

5. **imply**, wrap up. From Lat. *in*, in, and *plico*, to fold. That is, they contain in themselves eternal moisture.

6. **inclination**, bending. Lat. *inclinatio*.

7. **every sort of flower**. Hyacinthus was killed accidentally by Apollo (Phœbus), while playing quoits. His blood became a flower inscribed with Apollo's words of sorrow, *ai, ai* (alas, alas).

"The Hyacinth bewrays the doleful *ai*,
And culls the tribute of Apollo's sigh.
Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dyed the stripling's veins."

— *Camoëns, Lusiad.*

Narcissus fell in love with his own image in a fountain, and pined away until he died and was changed into the flower which bears his name. (See page 41.) The amaranth (from Gr. *amarantos*, unfading) is, in poetry, an imaginary flower which never fades.

"Immortal amarant ! a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft . . .
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks." — *Milton, Paradise Lost.*

Amintas. Meaning, probably, Sir Philip Sidney. In his pastoral elegy on the death of Sidney, Spenser speaks of his illustrious friend as having been changed into a flower : —

"It first grows red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made."

"But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel ;
And when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherd's sake."

THE BOWER OF BLISS. (Page 131.)

1. **Whereas**, at the place in which.

2. **wondred Argo**. The wonderful ship Argo. See the story of Jason in "Classical Dictionary."

"While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main." — *Pope.*

3. **boyes blood**. Referring probably to the murder by Medea of her brother Absyrtus, whose body she cut in pieces and left at different places in order that her father, who was pursuing her and Jason, might be delayed by picking them up.

4. **Creüsa.** The young wife of Jason. Medea sent her an enchanted garment which burned her to death when she put it on. The palace, also, was consumed by the flames.

5. **celestiall Powre.** See note on "Old Genius," p. 150.

6. **Agdistes.** The poet probably had in mind Agdistis, a genius of human form, who was worshipped in Phrygia in connection with Atys. He was said to have been produced from the stone Agdus, which Dencalion and Pyrrha threw over their heads to repeople the world after its desolation by the flood. Agdistes here personifies self-indulgence.

7. **Rhodope.** See "Classical Dictionary."

FLORIMEL AND THE WITCH'S SON. (Page 135.)

1. Florimel, Honey-flower.

"Lives none this day that may with her compare
In stedfast chastitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is yclept Florimel the fayre,
Faire Florimel belov'd of many a knight."

Faerie Queen, iii, v. 8.

2. **lady gent**, gentle lady. In the old romances the term *gent* is sometimes used to denote a lady; that is, "the gentle one."

3. **equall launce**, equal balance. Balance is from Lat. *bis*, two, and *lanx*, dish.

4. **laesy loord.** "A loord was wont among the Britons to signifie a lord. And therefore the Danes that long time usurped their tyranny here in Britaine were called, for more dread than dignitie, lurdanes. . . . But being afterward expelled, the name lurdane became so odious unto the people that even at this day they use, for more reproch, to call the quartane Ague the fever lurdane."—*Glosse to "Shepheards Calender," July.*

5. wildings, wild fruits.

"Ten ruddy wildings in the wood I found."—*Dryden.*

Wordsworth uses the word as meaning the tree on which the fruit grows: "I see him stand, with a bough of wilding in his hand."—*Two April Mornings.*

6. closely, secretly. furnitures, equipage, saddle and bridle.

"The horse's furniture must be of very sensible colors."—*Dryden.*

COLIN CLOUT AND HIS FAIRE LASSIE. (Page 140.)

1. **elfin knight.** Sir Calidore, the type of courtesy, and the hero of the Sixth Book. The model of this knight is Sir Philip Sidney. Colin

Clout, "the shepherd," is Spenser himself, and "that iolly Shepherds lass," whom he mentions below, is his wife Elizabeth, elsewhere referred to as Mirabella.

"Witness our Colin, whom though all the Graces
And all the Muses nurs'd,
Yet all his hopes were cross'd, all suits denied;
Discouraged, scorn'd, his writings vilified,
Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he died."

Phineas Fletcher, The Purple Island.

Colin Clout is also the pastoral name which Spenser assumes in the "Shepherds Calendar."

2. **Ariadne.** It was at the marriage of Pirithous with Hippodamia that "the bold Centaures made that bloody fray with the fierce Lapithes." Although Theseus had promised to make Ariadne his wife, he deserted her at Naxos, where, according to the common tradition, she was wedded to Bacchus. And it was the crown which Bacchus gave her at their marriage that was "placed in the firmament." Thus in the Theogony it is said that "The gold-haired Bacchus made the blond Ariadne, Minos' maid, his blooming spouse, and Saturn's son gave her immortal life." See "Classical Dictionary."

3. **They vanisht all away.** "Perhaps the allusion is that Sir Philip Sidney, imaged in Calidore, drew Spenser from his rustic muse to the Court." — *Upton*.

4. **Aecidee.** This word is a patronymic of the descendants of Æacus, and here refers to Peleus, the son of Æacus. See "Classical Dictionary."

5. **Euphrosyne (Joy), Aglaia (Splendor), and Thalia (Pleasure),** the "three fair-cheeked Charities," or Graces. Spenser follows Hesiod's enumeration and description of these goddesses. Milton says: —

"But come thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore." — *L'Allegro*, 11-16.

6. **beare the bell, be the best.** "Before cups were presented to winners of horse-races, etc., a little gold or silver bell used to be given for the prize."

"Jockey and his horse were by their masters sent
To put in for the bell.
They are to run and cannot miss the bell."

North's Forest of Varieties.

A modern phrase, equivalent to the former expression "bear the bell," is "take the cake."

7. **Gloriana.** Queen Elizabeth. The poet here turns aside to address the "faerie queene" herself, and to ask that she will pardon him if, among all the songs he has addressed to her, he "make one minime" — compose one little lay — in honor of his own wife.

GLOSSARY.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>aby, abide.
 adaw, daunt, daze, astonish.
 aggrate, delight, please.
 algates, altogether, by all means.
 anon, after awhile.
 attonce, at once.
 bait, to refresh.
 bale, poison.
 belamy, fair friend. Fr. <i>belle ami</i>.
 bestedd, beset, disposed.
 bewray, betray, discover.
 bilive, presently, by and by.
 bin, be, was.
 bootlesse, unprofitable, useless.
 boughtes, circular folds.
 bouzing, drinking.
 brent, burned.
 bridale, nuptial feast.
 byde, remain.
 caprifole, goat-leaf.
 carke, care, thought.
 caytive, base, caitiff.
 cheere, countenance.
 cherry, cherish.
 chorle, a low fellow, churl.
 cicuta, hemlock.
 coloquintida, the bitter apple,
 colocynth.
 compeld, summoned, called.
 crew, company. A.-S. <i>cread</i>.
 dempt, judged, deemed.
 despight, disappointment.
 dight, dressed, clothed.</p> | <p>dispençe, expense, profusion.
 don, to put on.
 edifyde, built.
 effraide, afraid, frightened.
 eftsoones, soon after.
 eglantine, hawthorn.
 eke, also.
 embace, debase.
 endew, endow.
 enforst, obliged.
 enhaunst, lifted up.
 esloyne, withdraw. O. Fr. <i>esloigner</i>.
 essoynе, excuse. Fr. <i>essoynеr</i>.
 fain, glad. A.-S. <i>fægen</i>.
 fare, to go. A.-S. <i>faran</i>.
 felly, fiercely, cruelly. From <i>fell</i>,
 cruel.
 flaggy, flabby, limber.
 forlore, deserted, forsaken.
 fortilage, a little fort, fortalice.
 forwasted, laid waste.
 forwearied, worn out, wearied.
 fray, to frighten, to make afraid.
 fry, foam.
 gent, gentle, a young lady.
 gin, contrivance, snare; engine.
 girlond, garland.
 giusts, jousts.
 gnarre, snarled.
 griesly, dreadful, frightful.
 griple, grasping, tenacious.
 hardiment, courage, hardihood.
 heapes, multitudes.</p> |
|--|--|

- heben**, ebony.
hight, called, entrusted, directed.
hollownesse, dome.
hurtlen, rushed, pushed.
iolly, handsome.
kent, knew.
leach, physician. A.-S. *lace*.
leman, sweetheart. From A.-S. *leaf*, loved, and *man*, person.
lilled, lolled.
lin, cease, give over, let in.
lompish, lumpish, dull, clownish.
louting, bowing.
lynage, lineage.
maistring, mastering, guiding.
mazer, a maple bowl, a broad wooden bowl.
meete, fit.
mell, meddle.
mister, kind. Fr. *metier*; It. *mestiere*.
mote, might, ought.
ne, no, nor, not.
needments, necessary articles.
overhent, overtake.
paravaunt, publicly, in front.
perceable, pierceable penetrable.
perforce, by necessity.
Phebus, the sun.
platane, the plane-tree.
pleasauns, pleasant things.
portesse, breviary, prayer-book. From Fr. *porter*, to carry.
preace, press, or crowd.
pricking, hastening, spurring.
puissance, power.
quaint, coy, nice. Old Fr. *coint*, dainty.
quited, requited, paid back.
read, advise.
recure, recover, refresh.
resemblaunces, likenesses.
rew, repent.
rout, company, crowd.
ruth, pity.
salvage, savage, woodland. From Lat. *silva*, woods.
say, silk. Fr. *soie*.
scor'd, painted, drawn.
semblants, phantoms.
shroud, to shelter.
silly, harmless, innocent.
sited, situated.
sith, since.
sondry, sundry, divers, several.
spersed, dispersed, scattered.
sprent, sprinkled, spread over.
sprights, spirits.
staide, hindered.
stemme, stay, confine.
stole, a long robe, or garment.
stound, noise, disturbance.
swoune, dream, swoon.
tho, then.
tind, excited, stirred.
tire, company, row.
undertime, afternoon, toward evening.
undight, took off.
vele, veil.
vermell, vermilion.
wastnes, wilderness, vastness, waste.
wayne, wagon.
weeds, clothing, dress. A.-S. *wæd*.
weene, think, wish, hope.
weening, wishing.
weet, understand.
welke, set, grow less.
whally, whitish (diseased eyes).
whenas, as soon as.
whileare, erewhile, a little while ago.
wimpled, plaited.
wonne, conquered, won; dwelt.
wot, know, understand.
wrest, grasp.
ycladd, dressed, equipped.
ydrad, dreaded, feared.
yrketh, troubles, annoys.

The Pilgrim's Progress

From this World to that which is to Come.

WRITTEN IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.¹



THE ALLEGORY AND ITS AUTHOR.

BY H. A. TAINE.

AFTER the Bible, the book most widely read in England is the "Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan. The reason is that the basis of Protestantism is the doctrine of salvation by grace, and that no writer has equalled Bunyan in making this doctrine understood.

To treat well of supernatural impressions, one must have been subject to them. Bunyan had that kind of imagination which produces them. Powerful as that of an artist, but more vehement, this imagination worked in the man without his co-operation, and besieged him with visions which he had neither willed nor foreseen. From that moment there was in him, as it were, a second self, dominating the first, grand and terrible, whose apparitions were sudden; its motions unknown; which redoubled or crushed his faculties, prostrated or transported him, bathed him in the sweat of anguish, ravished him with trances of joy; and which by its force,

¹ The first part of this allegory was published in 1678, having been written by Bunyan while in Bedford gaol. The second part was published in 1684. For Biographical Note, see page 215.

strangeness, independence, impressed upon him the presence and the action of a foreign and superior master. . . . He was born in the lowest and most despised rank, a tinker's son, himself a wandering tinker, with a wife as poor as himself, so that they had not a spoon or a dish between them. He had been taught in childhood to read and write, but he had since "almost wholly lost what he had learned." Education diverts and disciplines a man; fills him with varied and rational ideas; prevents him from sinking into monomania or being excited by transport; gives him determinate thoughts instead of eccentric fancies, pliable opinions for fixed convictions; replaces impetuous images by calm reasonings, sudden resolves by results of reflection; furnishes us with the wisdom and ideas of others; gives us conscience and self-command. Suppress this reason and this discipline, and consider the poor workingman at his work; his head works while his hands work—not ably, with methods acquired from any logic he might have mustered, but with dark emotions, beneath a disorderly flow of confused images. Morning and evening, the hammer which he uses in his trade drives in with its deafening sounds the same thought, perpetually returning and self-communing. A troubled, obstinate vision floats before him in the brightness of the hammered and quivering metal. In the red furnace where the iron is bubbling, in the clang of the hammered brass, in the black corners where the damp shadow creeps, he sees the flame and darkness of hell, and hears the rattling of eternal chains. Next day he sees the same image; the day after, the whole week, month, year. His brow wrinkles, his eyes grow sad, and his wife hears him groan in the night-time. She remembers that she has

two volumes in an old bag, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven" and "The Practice of Piety"; he spells them out to console himself; and the printed thoughts, already sublime in themselves, made more so by the slowness with which they are read, sink like an oracle into his subdued faith. During his long solitary wanderings over wild heaths, in cursed and haunted bogs, always abandoned to his own thoughts, the inevitable idea pursues him. These neglected roads where he sticks in the mud, these sluggish rivers which he crosses on the cranky ferryboat, these threatening whispers of the woods at night, when in perilous places the livid moon shadows out ambushed forms—all that he sees and hears falls into an involuntary poem around the one absorbing idea; thus it changes into a vast body of visible legends, and multiplies its power as it multiplies its details. Having become a dissenter, Bunyan is shut up for twelve years, having no other amusement but the "Book of Martyrs" and the Bible, in one of those infectious prisons where the Puritans rotted under the Restoration. There he is, still alone, thrown back upon himself by the monotony of his dungeon, besieged by the terrors of the Old Testament, by the vengeful outpourings of the prophets, by the thunder-striking words of Paul, by the spectacle of trances and of martyrs, face to face with God, now in despair, now consoled, troubled with involuntary images and unlooked-for emotions, seeing alternately devil and angels, the actor and the witness of an internal drama, whose vicissitudes he is able to relate. He writes them—it is his book. You see now the condition of this inflamed brain. Poor in ideas, full of images, given up to a fixed and single thought, plunged into this thought by his mechanical pursuit, by

his prison and his readings, by his knowledge and his ignorance, circumstances, like nature, make him a visionary and an artist, furnish him with supernatural impressions and sensible images, teaching him the history of grace and the means of expressing it.

“The Pilgrim’s Progress” is a manual of devotion for the use of simple folk, while it is an allegorical poem full of grace. In it we hear a man of the people speaking to the people, who would render intelligible to all the terrible doctrine of damnation and salvation. . . . Allegory, the most artificial kind, is natural to Bunyan. If he employs it throughout, it is from necessity, not choice. As children, countrymen, and all uncultivated minds, he transforms arguments into parables; he only grasps truth when it is made simple by images; abstract terms elude him; he must touch forms, and contemplate colors. His repetitions, embarrassed phrases, familiar comparisons, his frank style, whose awkwardness recalls the childish periods of Herodotus, and whose lightheartedness recalls tales for children, prove that if his work is allegorical, it is so in order that it may be intelligible, and that Bunyan is a poet because he is a child.

Bunyan has the freedom, the tone, the ease, and the clearness of Homer. He is as close to Homer as an Anabaptist tinker could be to an heroic singer, a creator of gods. I err; he is nearer: before the sentiment of the sublime, inequalities are levelled. The depth of emotion raises peasant and poet to the same eminence; and here, also, allegory stands the peasant instead. It alone, in the absence of ecstasy, can paint heaven; for it does not pretend to paint it. Expressing it by a figure, it declares it invisible as a glowing sun at which we can-

not look full, and whose image we observe in a mirror or a stream. The ineffable world thus retains all its mystery. Warned by the allegory, we imagine splendors beyond all which it presents to us.

He was imprisoned for twelve years and a half ; in his dungeon he made wire-snares to support himself and his family. He died at the age of sixty in 1688.



THE STORY OF "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" was written before the "Holy War," while Bunyan was still in prison at Bedford, and was but half conscious of the gifts which he possessed. It was written for his own entertainment, and therefore without the thought — so fatal in its effects and so hard to be resisted — of what the world would say about it. It was written in compulsory quiet, when he was comparatively unexcited by the effort of perpetual preaching, and the shapes of things could present themselves to him as they really were, undistorted by theological narrowness. It is the same story which he has told of himself in "Grace Abounding," thrown out into an objective form.

He tells us himself, in a metrical introduction, the circumstances under which it was composed : —

When at the first I took my pen in hand,
Thus for to write, I did not understand
That I at all should make a little book
In such a mode. Nay, I had undertook

To make another, which when almost done,
Before I was aware I this begun.

And thus it was. — I writing of the way
And race of saints in this our Gospel day,
Fell suddenly into an Allegory
About the journey and the way to glory
In more than twenty things which I set down.
This done, I twenty more had in my crown,
And these again began to multiply,
Like sparks that from the coals of fire do fly.
Nay then, thought I, if that you breed so fast
I'll put you by yourselves, lest you at last
Should prove *ad Infinitum*, and eat out
The book that I already am about.

Well, so I did ; but yet I did not think
To show to all the world my pen and ink
In such a mode. I only thought to make,
I knew not what. Nor did I undertake
Merely to please my neighbors ; no, not I.
I did it mine own self to gratify.

Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble ; nor did I intend
But to divert myself in doing this
From worsor thoughts which make me do amiss.
Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly had my thoughts in black and white ;
For having now my method by the end,
Still as I pulled it came ; and so I penned
It down : until at last it came to be
For length and breadth the bigness which you see.

Well, when I had thus put my ends together,
I showed them others, that I might see whether
They would condemn them or them justify.
And some said, Let them live ; some, Let them die ;
Some said, John, print it ; others said, Not so ;
Some said it might do good ; others said, No.

Now was I in a strait, and did not see
 Which was the best thing to be done by me.
 At last I thought, since you are thus divided,
 I print it will ; and so the case decided.

The difference of opinion among Bunyan's friends is easily explicable. The allegoric representation of religion to men profoundly convinced of the truth of it might naturally seem light and fantastic, and the breadth of the conception could not please the narrow sectarians who knew no salvation beyond the lines of their peculiar formulas. The Pilgrim though in a Puritan dress is a genuine man. His experience is so truly human experience, that Christians of every persuasion can identify themselves with him ; and even those who regard Christianity itself as but a natural outgrowth of the conscience and intellect, and yet desire to live nobly and make the best of themselves, can recognize familiar foot-prints in every step of Christian's journey. Thus "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a book, which, when once read, can never be forgotten. We too, every one of us, are pilgrims on the same road, and images and illustrations come back upon us from so faithful an itinerary, as we encounter similar trials, and learn for ourselves the accuracy with which Bunyan has described them. There is no occasion to follow a story minutely which memory can so universally supply. I need pause only at a few spots which are too charming to pass by.

How picturesque and vivid are the opening lines :—

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where there was a den,¹ and I laid me down in that place to sleep, and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man,

¹ The Bedford Prison.

a man clothed in rags, standing with his face from his own home with a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back."

The man is Bunyan himself as we see him in "Grace Abounding." His sins are the burden upon his back. He reads his book and weeps and trembles. He speaks of his fears to his friends and kindred. They think "some frenzy distemper has got into his head." He meets a man in the fields whose name is Evangelist. Evangelist tells him to flee from the City of Destruction. He shows him the way by which he must go, and points to the far-off light which will guide him to the wicket-gate. He sets off, and his neighbors of course think him mad. The world always thinks men mad who turn their backs upon it. Obstinate and Pliable (how well we know them both!) follow to persuade him to return. Obstinate talks practical common sense to him, and as it has no effect, gives him up as a fantastical fellow. Pliable thinks that there may be something in what he says, and offers to go with him.

Before they can reach the wicket-gate, they fall into a "miry slough." Who does not know the miry slough too? When a man begins for the first time to think seriously about himself, the first thing that rises before him is a consciousness of his miserable past life. Amendment seems to be desperate. He thinks it is too late to change for any useful purpose, and he sinks into dependency.

Pliable finding the road disagreeable has soon had enough of it. He scrambles out of the slough "on the side which was nearest to his own house" and goes home. Christian struggling manfully is lifted out "by a man whose name was Help," and goes on upon his

journey, but the burden on his back weighs him down. He falls in with Mr. Worldly Wiseman who lives in the town of Carnal Policy. Mr. Worldly Wiseman, who looks like a gentleman, advises him not to think about his sins. If he has done wrong he must alter his life and do better for the future. He directs him to a village called Morality, where he will find a gentleman well known in those parts, who will take his burden off — Mr. Legality. Either Mr. Legality will do it himself, or it can be done equally well by his pretty young son, Mr. Civility.

The way to a better life does not lie in a change of outward action, but in a changed heart. Legality soon passes into civility, according to the saying that vice loses half its evil when it loses its grossness. Bunyan would have said that the poison was the more deadly from being concealed. Christian after a near escape is set straight again. He is admitted into the wicket-gate and is directed how he is to go forward. He asks if he may not lose his way. He is answered Yes, "There are many ways (that) butt down on this and they are crooked and wide. But thus thou mayest know the right from the wrong, that only being straight and narrow."

Good people often suppose that when a man is once "converted," as they call it, and has entered on a religious life, he will find everything made easy. He has turned to Christ, and in Christ he will find rest and pleasantness. The path of duty is unfortunately not strewn with flowers at all. The primrose road leads to the other place. As on all other journeys, to persevere is the difficulty. The pilgrim's feet grow sorer the longer he walks. His lower nature follows him like a shadow watching opportunities to trip him up, and ever appear-

ing in some new disguise. In the way of comfort he is allowed only certain resting-places, quiet intervals of peace when temptation is absent, and the mind can gather strength and encouragement from a sense of the progress which it has made.

The first of these resting-places at which Christian arrives is the "Interpreter's House." This means, I conceive, that he arrives at a right understanding of the objects of human desire as they really are. He learns to distinguish there between passion and patience, passion which demands immediate gratification, and patience which can wait and hope. He sees the action of grace on the heart, and sees the Devil laboring to put it out. He sees the man in the iron cage who was once a flourishing professor, but had been tempted away by pleasure and had sinned against light. He hears a dream too—one of Bunyan's own early dreams, but related as by another person. The Pilgrim himself was beyond the reach of such uneasy visions. But it shows how profoundly the terrible side of Christianity had seized on Bunyan's imagination and how little he was able to forget it.

"This night as I was in my sleep I dreamed, and behold the heavens grew exceeding black: also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony; so I looked up in my dream and saw the clouds rack at an unusual rate, upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud attended with the thousands of heaven. They were all in a flaming fire, and the heaven also was in a burning flame. I heard then a voice, saying, Arise ye dead and come to judgment; and with that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were therein

came forth. Some of them were exceeding glad and looked upward, some sought to hide themselves under the mountains. Then I saw the man that sate upon the cloud open the book and bid the world draw near. Yet there was, by reason of a fierce flame that issued out and came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners at the bar. I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sate on the cloud, Gather together the tares, the chaff, and the stubble, and cast them into the burning lake. And with that the bottomless pit opened just whereabouts I stood, out of the mouth of which there came in an abundant manner smoke and coals of fire with hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons, Gather the wheat into my garner. And with that I saw many caught up and carried away into the clouds, but I was left behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not, for the man that sate upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me. My sins also came into my mind, and my conscience did accuse me on every side. I thought the day of judgment was come and I was not ready for it."

The resting time comes to an end. The Pilgrim gathers himself together, and proceeds upon his way. He is not to be burdened forever with the sense of his sins. It fell from off his back at the sight of the cross. Three shining ones appear and tell him that his sins are forgiven; they take off his rags and provide him with a new suit.

He now encounters fellow-travellers; and the seriousness of the story is relieved by adventures and humorous conversations. At the bottom of a hill he finds three gentlemen asleep, "a little out of the way." These were

Simple, Sloth, and Presumption. He tries to rouse them, but does not succeed. Presently two others are seen tumbling over the wall into the Narrow Way. They are come from the land of Vain Glory, and are called Formalist and Hypocrisy. Like the Pilgrim, they are bound for Mount Zion; but the wicket-gate was "too far about," and they had come by a short cut. "They had custom for it a thousand years and more; and custom being of so long standing would be admitted legal by any impartial judge." Whether right or wrong they insist that they are in the way, and no more is to be said. But they are soon out of it again. The hill is the hill Difficulty, and the road parts into three. Two go round the bottom, as modern engineers would make them. The other rises straight over the top. Formalist and Hypocrisy choose the easy ways, and are heard of no more. Pilgrim climbs up, and after various accidents comes to the second resting-place, the Palace Beautiful, built by the Lord of the Hill to entertain strangers in. The recollections of Sir Bevis of Southampton furnished Bunyan with his framework. Lions guard the court. Fair ladies entertain him as if he had been a knight-errant in quest of the Holy Grail. The ladies, of course, are all that they ought to be: the Christian graces—Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity. He tells them his history. They ask him if he has brought none of his old belongings with him. He answers yes; but greatly against his will: his inward and carnal cogitations, with which his countrymen, as well as himself, were so much delighted. Only in golden hours they seemed to leave him. Who cannot recognize the truth of this? Who has not groaned over the follies and idiotcies that cling to us like the doggerel verses that hang about our

memories? The room in which he sleeps is called Peace. In the morning he is shown the curiosities, chiefly Scripture relics, in the palace. He is taken to the roof, from which he sees far off the outlines of the Delectable Mountains. Next, the ladies carry him to the armory, and equip him for the dangers which lie next before him. He is to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, and pass thence through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Bunyan here shows the finest insight. To some pilgrims the Valley of Humiliation was the pleasantest part of the journey. Mr. Feeblemind, in the second part of the story, was happier there than anywhere. But Christian is Bunyan himself; and Bunyan had a stiff self-willed nature, and had found his spirit the most stubborn part of him. Down here he encounters Apollyon himself, "straddling quite over the whole breadth of the way"—a more effective devil than the Diabolus of the "Holy War." He fights him for half a day, is sorely wounded in head, hand, and foot, and has a near escape of being pressed to death. Apollyon spreads his bat wings at last, and flies away; but there remains the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the dark scene of lonely horrors. Two men meet him on the borders of it. They tell him the valley is full of spectres; and they warn him, if he values his life, to go back. Well Bunyan knew these spectres, those dreary misgivings that he was toiling after an illusion; that "good" and "evil" had no meaning except on earth, and for man's convenience; and that he himself was but a creature of a day, allowed a brief season of what is called existence, and then to pass away and be as if he had never been. It speaks well for Bunyan's honesty that this

state of mind which religious people generally call wicked is placed directly in his Pilgrim's path, and he is compelled to pass through it. In the valley, close at the road-side, there is a pit, which is one of the mouths of hell. A wicked spirit whispers to him as he goes by. He imagines that the thought had proceeded out of his own heart.

The sky clears when he is beyond the gorge. Outside it are the caves where the two giants, Pope and Pagan, had lived in old times. Pagan had been dead many a day. Pope was still living, "but he had grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he could now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they went by, and biting his nails because he could not come at them."

Here he overtakes "Faithful," a true pilgrim like himself. Faithful had met with trials; but his trials have not resembled Christian's. Christian's difficulties, like Bunyan's own, had been all spiritual. "The lusts of the flesh" seem to have had no attraction for him. Faithful had been assailed by "Wanton," and had been obliged to fly from her. He had not fallen into the slough; but he had been beguiled by the Old Adam, who offered him one of his daughters for a wife. In the Valley of the Shadow of Death he had found sunshine all the way. Doubts about the truth of religion had never troubled the simpler nature of the good Faithful.

Mr. Talkative is the next character introduced, and is one of the best figures which Bunyan has drawn; Mr. Talkative, with Scripture at his fingers' ends, and perfect master of all doctrinal subtleties, ready "to talk of things heavenly or things earthly, things moral or things evangelical, things sacred or things profane, things past

or things to come, things foreign or things at home, things essential or things circumstantial, provided that all be done to our profit."

This gentleman would have taken in Faithful, who was awed by such a rush of volubility. Christian has seen him before, knows him well, and can describe him. "He is the son of one Saywell. He dwelt in Prating Row. He is for any company and for any talk. As he talks now with you so will he talk when on the ale-bench. The more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth. Religion hath no place in his heart, or home, or conversation; all that he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith."

The elect, though they have ceased to be of the world, are still in the world. They are still part of the general community of mankind, and share, whether they like it or not, in the ordinary activities of life. Faithful and Christian have left the City of Destruction. They have shaken off from themselves all liking for idle pleasures. They nevertheless find themselves in their journey at Vanity Fair, "a fair set up by Beelzebub 5000 years ago." Trade of all sorts went on at Vanity Fair, and people of all sorts were collected there: cheats, fools, asses, knaves, and rogues. Some were honest, many were dishonest; some lived peaceably and uprightly, others robbed, murdered, seduced their neighbors' wives, or lied and perjured themselves. Vanity Fair was European society as it existed in the days of Charles II. Each nation was represented. There was British Row, French Row, and Spanish Row. "The wares of Rome and her merchandise were greatly promoted at the fair, only the English nation with some

others had taken a dislike to them." The pilgrims appear on the scene as the Apostles appeared at Antioch and Rome, to tell the people that there were things in the world of more consequence than money and pleasure. The better sort listen. Public opinion in general calls them fools and Bedlamites. The fair becomes excited, disturbances are feared, and the authorities send to make inquiries. Authorities naturally disapprove of novelties; and Christian and Faithful are arrested, beaten, and put in the cage. Their friends insist that they have done no harm, that they are innocent strangers teaching only what will make men better instead of worse. A riot follows. The authorities determine to make an example of them, and the result is the ever-memorable trial of the two pilgrims. They are brought in irons before my Lord Hategood, charged with "disturbing the trade of the town, creating divisions, and making converts to their opinions in contempt of the law of the Prince."

Faithful begins with an admission which would have made it difficult for Hategood to let him off, for he says that the Prince they talked of, being Beelzebub, the enemy of the Lord, he defied him and all his angels. Three witnesses were then called: Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank.

Envy says that Faithful regards neither prince nor people, but does all he can to possess men with disloyal notions, which he call principles of faith and holiness.

Superstition says that he knows little of him, but has heard him say that "our religion is naught, and such by which no man can please God, from which saying his Lordship well knows will follow that we are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned."

Pickthank deposes that he has heard Faithful rail on Beelzebub, and speak contemptuously of his honorable friends my Lord Old Man, my Lord Carnal Delight, my Lord Luxurious, my Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, and the rest of the nobility, besides which he has railed against his Lordship on the bench himself, calling him an ungodly villain.

The evidence was perfectly true, and the prisoner, when called on for his defence, confirmed it. He says (avoiding the terms in which he was said to rail and the like) that "the Prince of the town, with all the rabblement of his attendants by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town or country."

Lord Hategood has been supposed to have been drawn from one or other of Charles II.'s judges, perhaps from either Twisden or Chester, who had the conversation with Bunyan's wife. But it is difficult to see how either one or the other could have acted otherwise than they did. Faithful might be quite right. Hell might be and probably was the proper place for Beelzebub, and for all persons holding authority under him. But as a matter of fact, a form of society did for some purpose or other exist, and had been permitted to exist for 5000 years, owning Beelzebub's sovereignty. "It must defend itself, or must cease to be, and it could not be expected to make no effort at self-preservation. Faithful had come to Vanity Fair to make a revolution—a revolution extremely desirable, but one which it was unreasonable to expect the constituted authorities to allow to go forward. It was not a case of false witness. A prisoner who admits that he has taught the people that their Prince ought to be in hell, and has called the judge an ungodly villain, cannot complain if he is accused of preaching rebellion.

Lord Hategood charges the jury, and explains the law. "There was an Act made," he says, "in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our Prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an Act made in the days of Darius that whoso for some time called upon any God but him should be cast into the lion's den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed, which must, therefore, be intolerable. For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent. For the second and third you see his disputations against our religion, and for the treason he hath confessed he deserveth to die the death."

"Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable, who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first, Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said: I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. Nogood, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Aye, said Mr. Malice, I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Lovelust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Liveloose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub,

said Mr. Highmind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us despatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hatelight. Then, said Mr. Implacable, might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him ; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death."

Abstract qualities of character were never clothed in more substantial flesh and blood than these jurymen. Spenser's knights in the "Fairy Queen" are mere shadows to them. Faithful was, of course, condemned, scourged, buffeted, lanced in his feet with knives, stoned, stabbed, at last burned, and spared the pain of travelling further on the narrow road. A chariot and horses were waiting to bear him through the clouds, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. Christian, who it seems had been remanded, contrives to escape. He is joined by Hopeful, a convert whom he has made in the town, and they pursue their journey in company. A second person is useful dramatically, and Hopeful takes Faithful's place. Leaving Vanity Fair, they are again on the Pilgrim's road. There they encounter Mr. Bye-ends. Bye-ends comes from the town of Plain-Speech, where he has a large kindred, My Lord Turnabout, my Lord Timeserver, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Two Tongues, the parson of the parish. Bye-ends himself was married to a daughter of Lady Feignings. Bunyan's invention in such things was inexhaustible.

They have more trials of the old kind with which Bunyan himself was so familiar. They cross the River of Life and even drink at it, yet for all this and directly after, they stray into Bye Path Meadow. They lose themselves in the grounds of Doubting Castle, and are

seized upon by Giant Despair—still a prey to doubt—still uncertain whether religion be not a dream, even after they have fought with wild beasts in Vanity Fair and have drunk of the water of life. Nowhere does Bunyan show better how well he knew the heart of man. Christian even thinks of killing himself in the dungeons of Doubting Castle. Hopeful cheers him up, they break their prison, recover the road again, and arrive at the Delectable Mountains in Emmanuel's own land. There it might be thought the danger would be over, but it is not so. Even in Emmanuel's land there is a door in the side of a hill which is a byway to hell, and beyond Emmanuel's Land is the country of conceit, a new and special temptation for those who think that they are near salvation. Here they encounter "a brisk lad of the neighborhood," needed soon after for a particular purpose, who is a good liver, prays devoutly, fasts regularly, pays tithes punctually, and hopes that every one will get to heaven by the religion which he professes, provided he fears God and tries to do his duty. The name of this brisk lad is Ignorance. Leaving him, they are caught in a net by Flatterer, and are smartly whipped by "a shining one," who lets them out of it. False ideas and vanity lay them open once more to their most dangerous enemy. They meet a man coming towards them from the direction in which they are going. They tell him that they are on the way to Mount Zion. He laughs scornfully and answers:—

"There is no such place as you dream of in all the world. When I was at home in my own country, I heard as you now affirm, and from hearing I went out to see; and have been seeking this city these twenty years, but I find no more of it than I did the first day I

went out. I am going back again and will seek to refresh myself with things which I then cast away for hopes of that which I now see is not."

Still uncertainty — even on the verge of eternity — strange, doubtless, and reprehensible to Right Reverend persons, who never "cast away" anything; to whom a religious profession has been a highway to pleasure and preferment, who live in the comfortable assurance that as it has been in this life so it will be in the next. Only moral obliquity of the worst kind could admit a doubt about so excellent a religion as this. But Bunyan was not a Right Reverend. Christianity had brought him no palaces and large revenues, and a place among the great of the land. If Christianity was not true his whole life was folly and illusion, and the dread that it might be so clung to his belief like its shadow.

The way was still long. The pilgrims reach the Enchanted Ground and are drowsy and tired. Ignorance comes up with them again. He talks much about himself. He tells them of the good motives that come into his mind and comfort him as he walks. His heart tells him that he has left all for God and Heaven. His belief and his life agree together, and he is humbly confident that his hopes are well-founded. When they speak to him of Salvation by Faith and Conviction by Sin, he cannot understand what they mean. As he leaves them they are reminded of one Temporary, "once a forward man in religion." Temporary dwelt in Graceless, "a town two miles from Honesty, next door to one Turnback." He "was going on pilgrimage, but became acquainted with one Save Self, and was never more heard of."

These figures all mean something. They correspond

in part to Bunyan's own recollection of his own trials. Partly he is indulging his humor by describing others who were more astray than he was. It was over at last : the pilgrims arrive at the land of Beulah, the beautiful sunset after the storms were all past. Doubting Castle can be seen no more, and between them and their last rest there remains only the deep river over which there is no bridge, the river of Death. On the hill beyond the waters glitter the towers and domes of the Celestial City ; but through the river they must first pass, and they find it deeper or shallower according to the strength of their faith. They go through, Hopeful feeling the bottom all along ; Christian still in character, not without some horror, and frightened by hobgoblins. On the other side they are received by angels, and are carried to their final home, to live forever in the Prince's presence. Then follows the only passage which the present writer reads with regret in this admirable book. It is given to the self-righteous Ignorance who, doubtless, had been provoking with "his good motives that comforted him as he walked ;" but Bunyan's zeal might have been satisfied by inflicting a lighter chastisement upon him. He comes up to the river. He crosses without the difficulties which attended Christian and Hopeful. "It happened that there was then at the place one Vain Hope, a Ferryman, that with his boat" (some viaticum or priestly absolution) "helped him over." He ascends the hill, and approaches the city, but no angels are in attendance, "neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement." Above the gate there was the verse written — "Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gate into the city."

Bunyan, who believed that no man could keep the commandments, and had no right to anything but damnation, must have introduced the words as if to mock the unhappy wretch who, after all, had tried to keep the commandments as well as most people, and was seeking admittance, with a conscience moderately at ease. "He was asked by the men that looked over the gate— Whence come you and what would you have?" He answered, "I have eaten and drunk in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our street." Then they asked him for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the king. So he fumbled in his bosom for one and found none. Then said they, "Have you none?" But the man answered never a word. So they told the king but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city to go out and take Ignorance and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up and carried him through the air to the door in the side of the hill, and put him in there. "Then," so Bunyan ends, "I saw that there was a way to Hell even from the gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction; so I awoke, and behold it was a dream!"

Poor Ignorance! Hell—such a place as Bunyan imagined Hell to be—was a hard fate for a miserable mortal who had failed to comprehend the true conditions of justification. We are not told that he was a vain boaster. He could not have advanced so near to the door of Heaven if he had not been really a decent man, though vain and silly. Behold, it was a dream! The dreams which come to us when sleep is deep on the soul may be sent direct from some revealing power. When

we are near waking, the supernatural insight may be refracted through human theory.

Charity will hope that the vision of Ignorance cast bound into the mouth of Hell, when he was knocking at the gate of Heaven, came through Homer's ivory gate, and that Bunyan here was a mistaken interpreter of the spiritual tradition. The fierce inferences of Puritan theology are no longer credible to us; yet nobler men than the Puritans are not to be found in all English history. It will be well if the clearer sight which enables us to detect their errors enables us also to recognize their excellence.

The second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," like most second parts, is but a feeble reverberation of the first. It is comforting, no doubt, to know that Christian's wife and children were not left to their fate in the City of Destruction. But Bunyan had given us all that he had to tell about the journey, and we do not need a repetition of it. Of course there are touches of genius. No writing of Bunyan's could be wholly without it. But the rough simplicity is gone, and instead of it there is a tone of sentiment which is almost mawkish. Giants, dragons, and angelic champions carry us into a spurious fairy land, where the knight-errant is a preacher in disguise. Fair ladies and love matches, however decorously chastened, suit ill with the sternness of the mortal conflict between the soul and sin. Christiana and her children are tolerated for the pilgrim's sake to whom they belong. Had they appealed to our interest on their own merits, we would have been contented to wish them well through their difficulties, and to trouble ourselves no further about them.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY.

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a Dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a Man cloathed with Rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a Book in his hand, and a great Burden upon his back.¹ I looked, and saw him open the Book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying *What shall I do?*²

In this plight thereof he went home, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his Wife and Children should not perceive his distress, but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased: Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his Wife and Children; and thus he began to talk to them: *O my dear Wife, said he, and you the Children of my bowels, I your dear friend am in myself undone by reason of a Burden that lieth hard upon me; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our City will be burned with fire from Heaven; in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my Wife, and you my sweet Babes, shall miserably come to ruine, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered.*

¹ Isa. lxiv. 6; Luke xiv. 33; Ps. xxxviii. 4; Hab. ii. 2; Acts xvi. 31.

² Acts ii. 37.

At this his Relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed: But the night was as troublesome to him as the day; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So, when the morning was come, they would know how he did; He told them, *Worse and worse*: he also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened; they also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him; sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him: Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber, to pray for and pity them, and also to condole his own misery; he would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying: and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now, I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his Book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, *What shall I do to be saved?*¹

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named *Evangelist*, coming to him, and asked, *Wherefore dost thou cry?*

He answered, Sir, I perceive by the Book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to

¹ Acts xvi. 30.

come to Judgment, and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.¹

Then said *Evangelist*, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils? The Man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the Grave, and I shall fall into *Tophet*.² And, Sir, if I be not fit to go to Prison, I am not fit to go to Judgment, and from thence to Execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Then said *Evangelist*, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a *Parchment-roll*, and there was written within, *Fly from the wrath to come*.³

The Man therefore read it, and looking upon *Evangelist* very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said *Evangelist*, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder *Wicket-gate*?⁴ The Man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining Light? He said, I think I do. Then said *Evangelist*, Keep that Light in your eye, and go up directly thereto: so shalt thou see the Gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.

So I saw in my Dream that the Man began to run.

Now he had not run far from his own door, but his Wife and Children, perceiving it, began to cry after

Christian no sooner leaves the World but meets
Evangelist, who lovingly him greets
With tidings of another; and doth shew
Him how to mount to that from this below.

¹ Heb. ix. 27; Job xvi. 21, 22; Ezek. xxii. 14. ² Isa. xxx. 33.

³ Matt. iii. 7.

⁴ Matt. vii. 13, 14.

him to return ; but the Man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, *Life ! Life ! Eternal Life !*¹ So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the Plain.

The Neighbors also came out to see him run ; and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and some cried after him to return ; and among those that did so, there were two that resolved to fetch him back by force.² The name of the one was *Obstinate*, and the name of the other *Pliable*. Now by this time the Man was got a good distance from them ; but however they were resolved to pursue him, which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the Man, Neighbors, wherefore are you come ? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be ; you dwell, said he, in the City of *Destruction*, the place also where I was born, I see it to be so ; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the Grave, into a place that burns with Fire and Brimstone : be content, good Neighbors, and go along with me.

Obst. What, said *Obstinate*, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us !

Chr. Yes, said *Christian*, for that was his name, because that *all* which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a *little* of that that I am seeking to enjoy ;³ and if you will go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself ; for there where I go, is enough and to spare :⁴ Come away, and prove my words.

Obst. What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them ?

¹ Luke xiv. 26 ; Gen. xix. 17.

² Jer. xx. 10.

³ 2 Cor. iv. 18.

⁴ Luke xv. 17.

Chr. I seek an *Inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away*; ¹ and it is laid up in Heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed, at the time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. ² Read it so, if you will, in my Book.

Obst. Tush, said *Obstinate*, away with your Book; will you go back with us or no?

Chr. No, not I, said the other, because I have laid my hand to the Plough. ³

Obst. Come then, Neighbor *Pliable*, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these craz'd-headed coxcombs, that, when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason.

Pli. Then said *Pliable*, Don't revile; if what the good *Christian* says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my Neighbor.

Obst. What! more fools still? Be ruled by me, and go back; who knows whither such a brain-sick fellow will lead you? Go back, go back, and be wise.

Chr. Come with me, Neighbor *Pliable*; there are such things to be had which I spoke of, and many more Glories besides. If you believe not me, read here in this Book; and for the truth of what is exprest therein, behold, all is confirmed by the blood of Him that made it. ⁴

Pli. Well, Neighbor *Obstinate*, said *Pliable*, I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him: but, my good companion, do you know the way to this desired place?

¹ 1 Pet. i. 4.

² Heb. xi. 16.

³ Luke ix. 62.

⁴ Heb. ix. 17-22; chap. xiii. 20.

Chr. I am directed by a man, whose name is *Evangelist*, to speed me to a little Gate that is before us, where we shall receive instructions about the way.

Pli. Come then, good Neighbor, let us be going. Then they went both together.

Obst. And I will go back to my place, said *Obstinate*; I will be no companion of such misled, fantastical fellows.

Now I saw in my Dream, that when *Obstinate* was gone back, *Christian* and *Pliable* went talking over the Plain; and thus they began their discourse.

Chr. Come, Neighbor *Pliable*, how do you do? I am glad you are persuaded to go along with me: Had even *Obstinate* himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

Pli. Come, Neighbor *Christian*, since there are none but us two here, tell me now further what the things are, and how to be enjoyed, whither we are going?

Chr. I can better conceive of them with my Mind, than speak of them with my Tongue: but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my Book.

Pli. And do you think that the words of your Book are certainly true?

Chr. Yes, verily; for it was made by Him that cannot lye.¹

Pli. Well said; what things are they?

Chr. There is an endless Kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting Life to be given us, that we may inhabit that Kingdom for ever.²

Pli. Well said; and what else?

Chr. There are Crowns of glory to be given us, and

¹ Tit. i. 2.

² Isa. xlv. 17; John x. 28, 29.

Garments that will make us shine like the Sun in the firmament of Heaven.¹

Pli. This is excellent ; and what else ?

Chr. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow ; for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.²

Pli. And what company shall we have there ?

Chr. There we shall be with *Seraphims* and *Cherubins*,³ creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them :⁴ There also you shall meet with thousands and ten thousands that have gone before us to that place ; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy ; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in his presence with acceptance for ever.⁵ In a word, there we shall see the Elders with their golden Crowns, there we shall see the Holy Virgins with their golden Harps,⁶ there we shall see men that by the World were cut in pieces, burnt in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and cloathed with Immortality as with a garment.⁷

Pli. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart ; but are these things to be enjoyed ? How shall we get to be sharers hereof ?

¹ 2 Tim. iv. 8 ; Rev. iii. 4 ; Matt. xiii. 43.

² Isa. xxv. 8 ; Rev. vii. 17 ; chap. xxi. 4.

³ *Seraphims* and *Cherubins*. The plural form of *seraph* and *cherub* sanctioned by the best authorities is made simply by the addition of the syllable *im* ; thus, *scraphim* and *cherubim*. Yet in the common version of the Bible, the plurals uniformly used are *seraphims* and *cherubims*. Milton uses still another form : —

“ Thou sitst between the cherubs bright.”

⁴ Isa. vi. 2.

⁵ 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17 ; Rev. v. 11.

⁶ Rev. iv. 4 ; chap. xiv. 1-5.

⁷ John xii. 25 ; 2 Cor. v. 2-4.

Chr. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded *that* in this Book ; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, he will bestow it upon us freely.¹

Pli. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things ; come on, let us mend our pace.

Chr. I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this Burden that is upon my back.

Now I saw in my Dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry *Slough*, that was in the midst of the plain ; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was *Dispond*. Here therefore they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with dirt ; and *Christian*, because of the Burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said *Pliable*, Ah, Neighbor *Christian*, where are you now ?

Chr. Truly, said *Christian*, I do not know.

Pli. At that *Pliable* began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of ? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our Journey's end ? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave Country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the Slough which was next to his own house : so away he went, and *Christian* saw him no more.

Wherefore *Christian* was left to tumble in the Slough of *Dispond* alone : but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the Slough that was still further from his

¹ Isa. lv. 1, 2 ; John vi. 37 ; chap. vii. 37 ; Rev. xxi. 6 ; chap. xxii. 17.

own house, and next to the Wicket-gate; the which he did, but could not get out, because of the Burden that was upon his back: But I beheld in my Dream, that a man came to him, whose name was *Help*, and asked him, *What he did there?*

Chr. Sir, said *Christian*, I was bid go this way by a man called *Evangelist*, who directed me also to yonder Gate; that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chr. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

Help. Then said he, *Give me thy hand*: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.¹

Then I stepped to him that pluckt him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of *Destruction* to yonder Gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry Slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of *Dispond*; for still as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place: And this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad.² His labourers also have, by the direction of His Majesties Surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years imployed about this patch

¹ Ps. xl. 2.

² Isa. xxxv. 3, 4.

of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended : yea, and to my knowledge, said he, *here* hath been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended, but it is the Slough of *Dispond* still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.

Then *Christian* began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his Journey. So the other told him, That by that he was gone some distance from the Gate, he would come at the house of the *Interpreter*, at whose door he should knock, and he would shew him excellent things. Then *Christian* took his leave of his Friend, and he again bid him God speed.

Then he went on till he came at the house of the *Interpreter*, where he knocked over and over ; at last one came to the door, and asked Who was there ?

Chr. Sir, here is a Traveller, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good man of this house to call here for my profit ; I would therefore speak with the Master of the house. So he called for the Master of the house, who after a little time came to *Christian*, and asked him what he would have ?

Chr. Sir, said *Christian*, I am a man that am come from the City of *Destruction*, and am going to the Mount *Zion* ; and I was told by the Man that stands at the Gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you

would shew me excellent things, such as would be a help to me in my Journey.

Inter. Then said the *Interpreter*, Come in, I will shew thee that which will be profitable to thee. So he commanded his man to light the Candle, and bid *Christian* follow him: so he had him into a private room, and bid his man open a door; the which when he had done, *Christian* saw the Picture of a very grave Person hang up against the wall; and this was the fashion of it. It had eyes lifted up to Heaven, the best of Books in his hand, the Law of Truth was written upon his lips, the World was behind his back. It stood as if it pleaded with men, and a Crown of Gold did hang over his head.

Chr. Then said *Christian*, What means this?

Inter. The Man whose Picture this is, is one of a thousand; he can beget children, travel in birth with children, and nurse them himself when they are born.¹ And whereas thou seest him with his eyes lift up to Heaven, the best of Books in his hand, and the Law of Truth writ on his lips, it is to shew thee that his work is to know and unfold dark things to sinners; even as also thou seest him stand as if he pleaded with men; and whereas thou seest the World as cast behind him, and that a Crown hangs over his head, that is to shew thee that slighting and despising the things that are present, for the love that he hath to his Master's service, he is sure in the world that comes next to have Glory for his reward. Now, said the *Interpreter*, I have shewed thee this Picture first, because the Man whose Picture this is, is the only man whom the Lord of the place whither thou art going hath authorized to be thy guide in all difficult places thou mayest meet with in the way:

¹ 1 Cor. iv. 15; Gal. iv. 19.

wherefore take good heed to what I have shewed thee, and bear well in thy mind what thou hast seen, lest in thy Journey thou meet with some that pretend to lead thee right, but their way goes down to death.

Then he took him by the hand, and led him into a very large *Parlour* that was full of dust, because never swept; the which after he had reviewed a little while, the *Interpreter* called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began so abundantly to fly about, that *Christian* had almost therewith been choaked. Then said the *Interpreter* to a *Damsel* that stood by, Bring hither the Water, and sprinkle the Room; the which when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

Chr. Then said *Christian*, What means this?

Inter. The *Interpreter* answered, This *parlour* is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet Grace of the Gospel: the *dust* is his Original Sin and inward Corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the Law; but she that drougth water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas thou sawest that so soon as the first began to sweep, the dust did so fly about that the Room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choaked therewith; this is to shew thee, that the Law, instead of cleansing the heart (by its working) from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increase it in the soul, even as it doth discover and forbid it, for it doth not give power to subdue.¹

Again, as thou sawest the *Damsel* sprinkle the room with Water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to shew thee, that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then

¹ Rom. vii. 6; 1 Cor. xv. 56; Rom. v. 20.

I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust by sprinkling the floor with Water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it, and consequently fit for the King of Glory to inhabit.¹

I saw moreover in my Dream, that the *Interpreter* took him by the hand, and had him into a little room, where sat two little Children, each one in his chair. The name of the eldest was *Passion*, and the name of the other *Patience*. *Passion* seemed to be much discontent; but *Patience* was very quiet. Then *Christian* asked, What is the reason of the discontent of *Passion*? The *Interpreter* answered, The Governor of them would have him stay for his best things till the beginning of the next year; but he will have all now; but *Patience* is willing to wait.

Then I saw that one came to *Passion*, and brought him a bag of Treasure, and poured it down at his feet, the which he took up and rejoiced therein; and withal, laughed *Patience* to scorn. But I beheld but a while, and he had lavished all away, and had nothing left him but Rags.

Chr. Then said *Christian* to the *Interpreter*, Expound this matter more fully to me.

Inter. So he said, These two Lads are figures: *Passion*, of the men of *this* world; and *Patience*, of the men of *that* which is to come; for as here thou seest, *Passion* will have all now this year, that is to say, in this world; so are the men of this world: they must have all their good things now, they cannot stay till next year, that is, until the next world, for their portion of good. That proverb, *A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush*, is of more authority with them than

¹ John xv. 3; Eph. v. 26; Acts xv. 9; Rom. xvi. 25, 26; John xiv. 23.

are all the Divine testimonies of the good of the world to come. But as thou sawest that he had quickly lavished all away, and had presently left him nothing but Rags; so will it be with all such men at the end of this world.

Chr. Then said *Christian*, Now I see that *Patience* has the best wisdom, and that upon many accounts. 1. Because he stays for the best things. 2. And also because he will have the Glory of his, when the other has nothing but Rags.

Inter. Nay, you may add another, to wit, the glory of the *next* world will never wear out; but *these* are suddenly gone. Therefore *Passion* had not so much reason to laugh at *Patience*, because he had his good things first, as *Patience* will have to laugh at *Passion*, because he had his best things last; for *first* must give place to *last*, because *last* must have his time to come: but last gives place to nothing; for there is not another to succeed. He therefore that hath his portion *first*, must needs have a time to spend it; but he that hath his portion *last*, must have it lastingly; therefore it is said of *Dives*, *In thy Lifetime thou receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.*¹

Chr. Then I perceive 'tis not best to covet things that are now, but to wait for things to come.

Inter. You say truth: *For the things which are seen are Temporal; but the things that are not seen are Eternal.*² But though this be so, yet since things present and our fleshly appetite are such near neighbors one to another; and, again, because things to come and carnal sense are such strangers one to another; therefore it is

¹ Luke xvi. 25.

² 2 Cor. iv. 18.

that the first of these so suddenly fall into *amity*, and that *distance* is so continued between the second.

Then I saw in my dream that the *Interpreter* took *Christian* by the hand, and led him into a place where was a Fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it, always casting much Water upon it, to quench it ; yet did the Fire burn higher and hotter.

Then said *Christian*, What means this ?

The *Interpreter* answered, This Fire is the work of Grace that is wrought in the heart ; he that casts Water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the *Devil* ; but in that thou seest the Fire notwithstanding burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that. So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a Vessel of Oil in his hand, of the which he did also continually cast (but secretly) into the Fire.

Then said *Christian*, What means this ?

The *Interpreter* answered, This is *Christ*, who continually, with the Oil of his Grace,¹ maintains the work already begun in the heart : by the means of which, notwithstanding what the Devil can do, the souls of his people prove gracious still. And in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the Fire, that is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of Grace is maintained in the soul.

I saw also that the *Interpreter* took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was builded a stately Palace, beautiful to behold : at the sight of which *Christian* was greatly delighted : He saw also upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were cloathed all in gold.

¹ 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Then said *Christian*, May we go in thither?

Then the *Interpreter* took him, and led him up toward the door of the Palace; and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a Book and his Inkhorn before him, to take the name of him that should enter therein; He saw also, that in the door-way stood many men in armour to keep it, being resolved to do the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was *Christian* somewhat in a maze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, *Christian* saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, *Set down my name, Sir*: the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his Sword, and put an Helmet upon his head, and rush toward the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out,¹ he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the Palace, at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even of those that walked upon the top of the Palace, saying,

Come in, Come in;
Eternal Glory thou shalt win.

So he went in, and was cloathed with such garments as they. Then *Christian* smiled, and said, I think verily I know the meaning of this.

¹ Acts xiv. 22.

VANITY FAIR.

Then I saw in my Dream, that when they were got out of the Wilderness, they presently saw a Town before them, and the name of that Town is *Vanity*; and at the Town there is a Fair kept, called *Vanity Fair*: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of *Vanity Fair*, because the Town where 'tis kept is *lighter than Vanity*; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is *Vanity*. As is the saying of the wise, *All that cometh is Vanity*.¹

This Fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of antient standing; I will shew you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were Pilgrims walking to the Cœlestial City, as these two honest persons are; and *Beelzebub*, *Apollyon*, and *Legion*, with their Companions, perceiving by the path that the Pilgrims made, that their way to the City lay through this Town of *Vanity*, they contrived here to set up a Fair; a Fair wherein should be sold *all sorts of Vanity*, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this Fair are all such Merchandize sold, as Houses, Lands, Trades, Places, Honours, Preferments, Titles, Countries, Kingdoms, Lusts, Pleasures, and Delights of all sorts, as Whores, Bawds, Wives, Husbands, Children, Masters, Servants, Lives, Blood, Bodies, Souls, Silver, Gold, Pearls, Precious Stones, and what not?

And moreover, at this Fair there is at all times to be seen Jugglings, Cheats, Games, Plays, Fools, Apes, Knaves, and Rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, Thefts,

¹ Isa. xl. 17; Eccl. i.; chap. ii. 11, 17.

Murders, Adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other Fairs of less moment, there are the several Rows and Streets under their proper names, where such and such Wares are vended ; so here likewise you have the proper places, Rows, Streets, (*viz.* Countries and Kingdoms) where the Wares of this Fair are soonest to be found : Here is the *Britain* Row, the *French* Row, the *Italian* Row, the *Spanish* Row, the *German* Row, where several sorts of Vanities are to be sold. But as in other Fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the Fair, so the ware of *Rome* and her Merchandize is greatly promoted in this Fair ; only our *English* nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Cœlestial City lies just through this Town where this lusty fair is kept ; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this Town, must needs *go out of the world*.¹ The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this Town to his own Country,² and that upon a *Fair-day* too ; yea, and as I think, it was *Beelzebub*, the chief Lord of this Fair, that invited him to buy of his Vanities : yea, would have made him Lord of the Fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the Town. Yea, because he was such a person of honour, *Beelzebub* had him from Street to Street, and shewed him all the Kingdoms of the World in a little time, that he might (if possible) allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his Vanities ; but he had no mind to the Merchandize, and therefore left the Town, without laying out so much as one Farthing upon these Vanities. This

¹ 1 Cor. v. 10.

² Matt. iv. 8 ; Luke iv. 5-7.

Fair therefore is an antient thing, of long standing and a very great Fair.

Now these Pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this Fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entred into the Fair, all the people in the Fair were moved, and the Town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for

First, The Pilgrims were cloathed with such kind of Raiment as was diverse from the Raiment of any that traded in that Fair. The people therefore of the Fair made a great gazing upon them;¹ some said they were Fools, some they were Bedlams, and some they are Outlandishmen.

Secondly, And as they wondred at their Apparel, so they did likewise at their Speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of *Canaan*, but they that kept the Fair were the men of this World; so that, from one end of the Fair to the other, they seemed Barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the Merchandizers was that these Pilgrims set very light by all their Wares, they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, *Turn away mine eyes from beholding Vanity*, and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffick was in Heaven.²

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, *We buy the Truth*.³ At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to

¹ I Cor. ii. 7, 8. ² Ps. cxix. 37; Phil. iii. 19, 20. ³ Prov. xxiii. 23.

smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the Fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the Fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the Fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual Garb? The men told them that they were Pilgrims and Strangers in the World, and that they were going to their own Country, which was the Heavenly *Jerusalem*; ¹ and that they had given no occasion to the men of the Town, nor yet to the Merchandizers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their Journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would *buy the Truth*. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than Bedlams and Mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the Fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the Cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the Fair. There therefore they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the Great One of the Fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendring railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the Fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they therefore

¹ Heb. xi. 13-16.

in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the Cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The other replied, that for ought they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their Fair that were more worthy to be put into the Cage, yea, and Pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the Fair. So they beat them pitifully and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the Fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But *Christian* and *Faithful* behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the Fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatned, that the Cage, nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the Fair.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

I saw in my dream, that when *Christian* was got to the borders of the *Shadow of Death*, there met him two men, Children of them that brought up an evil report of the good land,¹ making haste to go back; to whom *Christian* spake as follows.

Chr. Whither are you going?

Men. They said, Back, back; and we would have you to do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Chr. Why, what's the matter? said *Christian*.

Men. Matter! said they; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little further, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

Chr. But what have you met with? said *Christian*.

Men. Why, we were almost in the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*;² but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it.

Chr. But what have you seen? said *Christian*.

Men. Seen! Why, the Valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the Hobgoblins, Satyrs, and Dragons of the Pit; we heard also in that Valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who sat there bound in affliction and irons; and over that Valley hang the discouraging clouds of Confusion; Death also doth always spread his wings over it.³ In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without Order.

¹ Num. xiii.

² Ps. xliv. 19; Ps. cvii. 10.

³ Job iii. 5; chap. x. 22.

Chr. Then said *Christian*, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired Haven.¹

Men. Be it thy way; we will not chuse it for ours. So they parted, and *Christian* went on his way, but still with his Sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my Dream, so far as this Valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep Ditch; that Ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished.² Again, behold on the left hand there was a very dangerous Quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that Quag King *David* once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not he that is able pluckt him out.

The path-way was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good *Christian* was the more put to it; for when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oft-times, when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where, or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this Valley, I perceived the mouth of Hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now thought *Christian*, what shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that

¹ Jer. ii. 6.

² Ps. lxix. 14.

cared not for *Christian's* Sword, as did *Apollyon* before) that he was forced to put up his Sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called *All-prayer*.¹ So he cried in my hearing, *O Lord I beseech thee deliver my Soul*.² Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: Also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the Streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of *Fiends* coming forward to meet him, he stopt, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the Valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the *Fiends* seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, *I will walk in the strength of the Lord God*; so they gave back, and came no further.

One thing I would not let slip; I took notice that now poor *Christian* was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it: Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning Pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and

Poor man! where art thou now? Thy Day is Night.
 Good man be not cast down, thou yet art right:
 Thy way to Heaven lies by the gates of Hell;
 Cheer up, hold out, with thee it shall go well.

¹ Eph. vi. 18.

² Ps. cxvi. 4.

stept up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put *Christian* more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme him that he loved so much before; yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion neither to stop his ears, nor to know from whence those blasphemies came.

When *Christian* had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, *Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear none ill, for thou art with me.*¹

Then he was glad, and that for these reasons:

First, because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this Valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me? though by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it.²

Thirdly, For that he hoped, could he overtake them, to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke; then said *Christian, He hath turned the Shadow of Death into the morning.*³

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the Ditch that was on the one hand, and the Quag that was on the other; also how narrow the

¹ Ps. xxiii. 4.

² Job ix. 11.

³ Amos v. 8.

way was which led betwixt them both; also now he saw the Hobgoblins, and Satyrs, and Dragons of the Pit, but all afar off; for after break of day, they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, *He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the Shadow of Death.*¹

Now was *Christian* much affected with his deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers though he feared them more before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the Sun was rising, and this was another mercy to *Christian*; for you must note, that though the first part of the Valley of the *Shadow of Death* was dangerous, yet this second part which he was yet to go was, if possible, far more dangerous: for from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the Valley, the way was all along set so full of Snares, Traps, Gins, and Nets here, and so full of Pits, Pitfalls, deep Holes, and Shelvings down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but as I said, just now the Sun was rising. Then said he, *His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness.*²

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the City. But, as I said, the reflection of the Sun upon the City (for the City was pure

¹ Job xii. 22.

² Job xxix. 3.

Gold)¹ was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an *Instrument* made for that purpose.² So I saw that as they went on, there met them two men, in Raiment that shone like Gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the Pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures they had met in the way? and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the City.

Christian then and his Companion asked the men to go along with them, so they told them they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own Faith. So I saw in my Dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the Gate.

Now I further saw that betwixt them and the Gate was a River, but there was no Bridge to go over, the River was very deep: at the sight therefore of this River the Pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come at the Gate.

The Pilgrims then began to enquire if there was no other way to the Gate; to which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, *Enoch and Elijah*, been permitted to tread that path, since the foundation of the World, nor shall, until the last Trumpet shall sound.³ The Pilgrims then, especially *Christian*, began to dispond in his mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the River. Then they asked the men if

¹ Rev. xxi. 18.

² 2 Cor. iii. 18.

³ 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.

the Waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case, for said they, *you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.*

They then addressed themselves to the Water; and entering, *Christian* began to sink, and crying out to his good friend *Hopeful*, he said, I sink in deep Waters; the Billows go over my head, all his Waves go over me, *Sclah.*

Then said the other, Be of good cheer my Brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said *Christian*, Ah my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon *Christian*, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember, nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his Pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that River, and never obtain entrance in at the Gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a Pilgrim. 'Twas also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of Hobgoblins and evil Spirits, for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. *Hopeful* therefore here had much ado to keep his Brother's head above water; yea sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere a while he would rise up again half dead. *Hopeful* also would endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the Gate, and men standing by to receive us. But

Christian would answer, 'Tis you, 'tis you they wait for, you have been *hopeful* ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to *Christian*. Ah Brother, said he, surely if I was right, he would now arise to help me; but for my sins he hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said *Hopeful*, My Brother, you have quite forgot the Text, where it is said of the wicked, *There is no band in their death, but their strength is firm, they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.*¹ These troubles and distresses that you go through in these Waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my Dream, that *Christian* was as in a muse a while. To whom also *Hopeful* added this word, *Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole;* and with that *Christian* brake out with a loud voice, Oh I see him again, and he tells me, *When thou passest through the Waters, I will be with thee; and through the Rivers, they shall not overflow thee.*² Then they both took courage, and the Enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. *Christian* therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the River was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now upon the bank of the River on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore being come out of the River, they saluted them saying, *We are ministring Spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.* Thus they went along towards the Gate. Now you must note that the City stood upon a mighty Hill, but the Pil-

¹ Ps. lxxiii. 4, 5.

² Isa. xliii. 2.

grims went up that Hill with ease because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their *mortal Garments* behind them in the River, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the City was framed was higher than the Clouds. They therefore went up through the Regions of the Air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because they safely got over the River, and had such glorious Companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is the Mount *Sion*, the heavenly *Jerusalem*, the innumerable company of Angels, and the Spirits of just men made perfect.¹ You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the Tree of Life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof;² and when you come there, you shall have white Robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of Eternity.³ There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower Region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, *for the former things are passed away.*⁴ You are now going to *Abraham*, to *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, and to the Prophets, men that God hath taken

Now, now, look how the holy Pilgrims ride,
 Clouds are their Chariots, Angels are their Guide:
 Who would not here for him all hazards run,
 That thus provides for his when this World's done?

¹ Heb. xii. 22-24.

² Rev. ii. 7.

³ Rev. iii. 4.

⁴ Rev. xxi. 4; Isa. lvii. 1-2.

away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness.¹ The men then asked, What must we do in the holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown,² even the fruit of all your Prayers and Tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear Crowns of Gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, *for there you shall see him as he is.*³ There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the World, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you. There also shall you be cloathed with Glory and Majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of Trumpet in the Clouds, as upon the wings of the Wind,⁴ you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the Throne of Judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be Angels or Men, you also shall have a voice in that Judgment, because they were his and your Enemies. Also when he shall again return to the City, you shall go too, with sound of Trumpet, and be ever with him.

¹ Isa. lxxv. 17.² Gal. vi. 7.³ 1 John iii. 2.⁴ 1 Thess. iv. 13-16; Jude 14; Dan. vii. 9, 10; 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the Gate, behold a company of the Heavenly Host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the World, and that have left all for his holy Name, and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired Journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the Heavenly Host gave a great shout, saying, *Blessed are they that are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.*¹ There came out also at this time to meet them, several of the King's Trumpeters, cloathed in white and shining Raiment, who with melodious noises and loud, made even the Heavens to echo with their sound. These Trumpeters saluted *Christian* and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the World, and this they did with shouting and sound of Trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as 'twere to guard them through the upper Regions), continually sounding as they went with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these Trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their musick with looks and gestures, still signify to *Christian* and his Brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them; and now were these two men as 'twere in Heaven before they came at it, being swallowed

¹ Rev. xix.

up with the sight of Angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the City itself in view, and they thought they heard all the Bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the Gate.

Now when they were come up to the Gate, there was written over it in Letters of Gold, *Blessed are they that do his Commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the Gates into the City.*¹

Then I saw in my Dream, that the Shining Men bid them call at the Gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the Gate, to wit, *Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.* to whom it was said, These Pilgrims are come from the City of *Destruction* for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the Pilgrims gave in unto them each man his Certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those therefore were carried in to the King, who when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the Gate. The King then commanded to open the Gate, *That the righteous nation, said he, that keepeth Truth may enter in.*²

Now I saw in my Dream that these two men went in at the Gate: and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had Raiment put on that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with Harps and Crowns, and gave them to them, the Harps to praise

¹ Rev. xxii. 14.

² Isa. xxvi. 2.

withal, and the Crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my Dream that all the Bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.* I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, *Blessing, Honour, Glory, and Power, be to him that sitteth upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.*¹

Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the City shone like the Sun; the Streets also were paved with Gold, and in them walked many men, with Crowns on their heads, Palms in their hands, and golden Harps to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, *Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord.* And after that they shut up the Gates. Which when I had seen I wished myself among them.

Now while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw *Ignorance* come up to the River-side; but he soon got over, and that without half that difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one *Vainhope* a Ferry-man, that with his Boat helped him over; so he, as the other I saw, did ascend the Hill to come up to the Gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was come up to the Gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him; but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the Gate, *Whence came you?* and what would you

¹ Rev. v. 13.

have? He answered, I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our Streets. Then they asked him for his Certificate, that they might go in and shew it to the King. So he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, Have you none? But the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two Shining Ones that conducted *Christian* and *Hopeful* to the City, to go out and take *Ignorance*, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw in the side of the Hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to Hell even from the Gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of *Destruction*. So I awoke, and behold it was a Dream.

THE CONCLUSION.

Now *Reader*, I have told my Dream to thee ;
 See if thou canst interpret it to me,
 Or to thyself, or Neighbor ; but take heed
 Of mis-interpreting ; for that, instead
 Of doing good, will but thyself abuse :
 By mis-interpreting, evil insues.

Take heed also, that thou be not extreme
 In playing with the out-side of my Dream :
 Nor let my figure or similitude
 Put thee into a laughter or a feud ;
 Leave this for Boys and Fools ; but as for thee,
 Do thou the substance of my matter see.

Put by the Curtains, look within my Vail ;
 Turn up thy Metaphors, and do not fail
 There, if thou seekest them, such things to find,
 As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my *dross* thou findest there, be bold
 To throw away, but yet preserve the Gold ;
 What if my Gold be rapt up in Ore ?
 None throws away the Apple for the Core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me Dream again.



NOTES.

JOHN BUNYAN was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. His father was a tinker, and the boy received very little education. Early in life he enlisted in the Parliamentary Army. Having been baptized in 1653, he soon afterwards began to preach, for which, in 1660, he was imprisoned in Bedford jail. Here he remained for twelve years. During his confinement he wrote several works, the best known of which is "The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come." It was not published until 1678. Its popularity was such that it soon went through numerous editions, and has been translated into all languages. A second part appeared in 1684. The first collected edition of his works was published in 1767. Dr. Johnson says: "His 'Pilgrim's Progress' has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story; and it has had the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind." Lord Macaulay says: "Bunyan is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists."

So direct and simple is the story of the "Pilgrim's Progress," that few explanatory notes are necessary. The narrative is itself its best commentary. "The attempts which have been made to improve and to imitate this book," says Macaulay, "are not to be numbered. It has been done into verse; it has been done into modern English. 'The Pilgrimage of Tender Conscience,' the 'Pilgrimage of Good Intent,' the 'Pilgrimage

of Seek Truth,' 'The Pilgrimage of Theophilus,' 'The Infant Pilgrim,' 'The Hindoo Pilgrim,' are among the feeble copies of the great original. But the peculiar glory of Bunyan is that those who most hated his doctrines have tried to borrow the help of his genius. A Catholic version of his parable may be seen with the head of the Virgin in the title-page. On the other hand, those Antinomians for whom his Calvinism is not strong enough may study the 'pilgrimage of Hephzibah,' in which nothing will be found which can be construed into an admission of free agency and universal redemption. But the most extraordinary of all the acts of Vandalism by which a fine work of art was ever defaced, was committed so late as the year 1853. It was determined to transform the 'Pilgrim's Progress' into a Tractarian book. The task was not easy, for it was necessary to make the two sacraments the most prominent objects in the allegory; and of all Christian theologians, avowed Quakers excepted, Bunyan was the one in whose system the sacraments held the least prominent place. However, the Wicket Gate became a type of Baptism, and the House Beautiful, of the Eucharist. The effect of this change is such as assuredly the ingenious person who made it never contemplated. For, as not a single pilgrim passes through the Wicket Gate in infancy, and as Faithful hurries past the House Beautiful without stopping, the lesson, which the fable in its altered shape teaches, is that none but adults ought to be baptized, and that the Eucharist may safely be neglected. . . . Such blunders must necessarily be committed by every man who mutilates parts of a great work, without taking a comprehensive view of the whole."

The Vision of Mirza.

By JOSEPH ADDISON.



Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam. — *Virgil.*

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled “The Visions of Mirza,” which I have read with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows :

On the fifth day of the moon — which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy — after having washed myself and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and, passing from one thought to another, “Surely,” said I, “man is but a shadow, and life a dream.”

While I was musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him,

he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that was inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies. Follow me!"

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water

running through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation."

"Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is Human Life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge,

so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up toward the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight.

Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects I observed some with cimeters in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to

time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest Human Life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius, being moved in compassion toward me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one-half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and

musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene.

I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself.

"These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands.

At length said I: "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the

vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



NOTES.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born at Wiltshire, England, in 1672. He was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself for his Latin verses. His first was published in his twenty-second year. In 1704 he wrote "The Campaign," in celebration of the English victory at Blenheim, and in reward for it was appointed Under Secretary of State. His tragedy of "Cato" was presented in one of the London theatres in 1703, where it met with much favor. But it is to his essays in "The Spectator" (1711, 1712) that the permanence of his fame is due. His opera, "Rosamond," was performed in 1706. He also wrote Prologues and Epilogues to various plays; among others the Prologue to "The Tender Husband" and the Epilogue to Lord Landsdowne's "British Enchanters." He died at Holland House on the 17th of June, 1719.

"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."—*Dr. Johnson.*

1. The "Vision of Mirza" comprises Number 159 of the "Spectator," and bears the date of Saturday, September 1, 1711. "The Spectator" was at first a daily publication, each number usually containing a single essay. The first number was published March 1, 1711. Most of the essays were contributed by Addison and Sir Richard Steele, although a few were written by Swift, Budgell, and others. The paper was discontinued December 6, 1712, but was resumed as a tri-weekly in 1714, and eighty additional numbers were issued.

"The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in," said Robert Burns, "was the 'Vision of Mirza.'"

2. "The cloud which, intercepting the clear light
Hangs o'er thy eyes and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove." — *Virgil, Æneid*, ii. 604.

The Paradise of Fools.

By THOMAS PARNELL.



OUR defects and follies are too often unknown to us : nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to show them, fond to improve in them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colors which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in : and indeed there is something so amusing for the time in this state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an exalted word to describe its enchantments, and called it *the Paradise of Fools*.

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem a false thought to some, and bear another turn than what I have given ; but it is at present none of my business to look after it, who am going to confess that I have been lately amongst them in a vision.

Methought I was transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of an easy ascent. Upon the broad top of it resided squint-eyed *Error*, and popular *Opinion* with many heads ; two that dealt in sorcery, and were famous for bewitching people with the love of themselves. To these

repaired a multitude from every side, by two different paths which lead towards each of them. Some who had the most assuming air, went directly of themselves to *Error*, without expecting a conductor; others of a softer nature went first to popular *Opinion*, from whence as she influenced and engaged them with their own praises, she delivered them over to his government.

When we had ascended to an open part of the summit where *Opinion* abode, we found her entertaining several who had arrived before us. Her voice was pleasing; she breathed odors as she spoke: she seemed to have a tongue for every one; every one thought he heard of something that was valuable in himself, and expected a paradise, which she promised as the reward of his merit. Thus were we drawn to follow her, till she should bring us where it was to be bestowed; and it was observable that all the way we went, the company was either praising themselves for their qualifications, or one another for those qualifications which they took to be conspicuous in their own characters, or dispraising others for wanting theirs, or vying in the degrees of them.

At last we approached a bower, at the entrance of which *Error* was seated. The trees were thick-woven, and the place where he sat artfully contrived to darken him a little. He was disguised in a whitish robe, which he had put on, that he might appear to us with a nearer resemblance to *Truth*: and as she has a light whereby she manifests the beauties of nature to the eyes of her adorers, so he had provided himself with a magical wand, that he might do something in imitation of it, and please with delusions. This he lifted solemnly, and muttering to himself, bid the glories which he kept under enchant-

ment to appear before us. Immediately we cast our eyes on that part of the sky to which he pointed, and observed a thin blue prospect, which cleared as mountains in a summer morning when the mists go off, and the palace of *Vanity* appeared to sight.

The foundation hardly seemed a foundation, but a set of curling clouds, which it stood upon by magical contrivance. The way by which we ascended was painted like a rainbow; and as we went the breeze that played about us bewitched the senses. The walls were gilded all for show; the lowest set of pillars were of the slight fine *Corinthian* order, and the top of the building being rounded, bore so far the resemblance of a bubble.

At the gate the travellers neither met with a porter, nor waited till one should appear; every one thought his merits a sufficient passport, and pressed forward. In the hall we met with several phantoms, that roved amongst us, and ranged the company according to their sentiments. There was decreasing *Honor*, that had nothing to show in but an old coat of his ancestors' achievements; there was *Ostentation*, that made himself his own constant subject, and *Gallantry* strutting upon his tiptoes. At the upper end of the hall stood a throne, whose canopy glittered with all the riches that gayety could contrive to lavish on it; and between the gilded arms sat *Vanity*, decked in the peacock's feathers, and acknowledged for another *Venus* by her votaries. The boy who stood beside her for a *Cupid*, and who made the world to bow before her, was called *Self-Conceit*. His eyes had every now and then a cast inwards to the neglect of all objects about him; and the arms which he made use of for conquest were borrowed from those against whom he had a design. The arrow which he

shot at the soldiers was fledged from his own plume of feathers; the dart he directed against the man of wit was winged from the quills he writ with; and that which he sent against those who presumed upon their riches was headed with gold out of their treasuries. He made nets for statesmen from their own contrivances; he took fire from the eyes of ladies, with which he melted their hearts; and lightning from the tongues of the eloquent, to inflame them with their own glories. At the foot of the throne sat three false graces, *Flattery* with a shell of paint, *Affectation* with a mirror to practise at, and *Fashion* ever changing the posture of her cloths. These applied themselves to secure the conquests which *Self-Conceit* had gotten, and had each of them their particular politics. *Flattery* gave new colors and complexions to all things, *Affectation* new airs and appearances, which, as she said, were not vulgar, and *Fashion* both concealed some home defects, and added some foreign external beauties.

As I was reflecting upon what I saw, I heard a voice in the crowd bemoaning the condition of mankind, which is thus managed by the breath of *Opinion*, deluded by *Error*, fired by *Self-Conceit*, and given up to be trained in all the courses of *Vanity*, till *Scorn* or *Pov-erty* come upon us. These expressions were no sooner handed about, but I immediately saw a general disorder, till at last there was a parting in one place, and a grave old man, decent and resolute, was led forward to be punished for the words he had uttered. He appeared inclined to have spoken in his own defence, but I could not observe that any one was willing to hear him. *Vanity* cast a scornful smile at him; *Self-Conceit* was angry; *Flattery*, who knew him for *Plain-Dealing*, put

on a vizard, and turned away; *Affectation* tossed her fan, made mouths, and called him *Envy* or *Slander*; and *Fashion* would have it that, at least, he must be *Ill-Manners*. Thus slighted and despised by all, he was driven out for abusing people of merit and figure; and I heard it firmly resolved that he should be used no better wherever they met with him hereafter.

I had already seen the meaning of most part of that warning which he had given, and was considering how the latter words should be fulfilled, when a mighty noise was heard without, and the door was blackened by a numerous train of harpies crowding in upon us. *Folly* and *Broken Credit* were seen in the house before they entered. *Trouble*, *Shame*, *Infamy*, *Scorn*, and *Poverty* brought up the rear. *Vanity*, with her *Cupid* and *Graces*, disappeared; her subjects ran into holes and corners; but many of them were found and carried off (as I was told by one who stood near me) either to prisons or cellars, solitude, or little company, the meaner arts or the viler crafts of life. But these, added he, with a disdainful air, are such who would fondly live here, when their merits neither matched the lustre of the place, nor their riches its expenses. We have seen such scenes as these before now; the glory you saw will all return when the hurry is over. I thanked him for his information, and believing him so incorrigible as that he would stay till it was his turn to be taken, I made off to the door, and overtook some few, who, though they would not harken to *Plain-Dealing*, were now terrified to good purpose by the example of others. But when they had touched the threshold, it was a strange shock to them to find that the delusion of *Error* was gone, and they plainly discerned the building to hang a little

up in the air without any real foundation. At first we saw nothing but a desperate leap remained for us, and I a thousand times blamed my unmeaning curiosity that had brought me into so much danger. But as they began to sink lower in their own minds, methought the palace sunk along with us, till they were arrived at the due point of *Esteem* which they ought to have for themselves; then the part of the building in which they stood touched the earth, and we departing out, it retired from our eyes. Now, whether they who stayed in the palace were sensible of this descent, I cannot tell; it was then my opinion that they were not. However it be, my dream broke up at it, and has given me occasion all my life to reflect upon the fatal consequences of following the suggestions of *Vanity*.



NOTE.

“THOMAS PARNELL, the writer of this allegory, was the son of a commonwealthsman, who at the Restoration ceased to live on his hereditary lands at Congleton, in Cheshire, and bought an estate in Ireland. Born in 1679, at Dublin, where he became M.A. of Trinity College, in 1700 he was ordained after taking his degree, and in 1705 became archdeacon of Clogher. At the same time he took a wife, who died in 1711. Parnell had been an associate of the chief Whig writers, had taste as a poet, and found pleasure in writing for the papers of the time. When the Whigs went out of power in Queen Anne’s reign, Parnell connected himself with the Tories. On the warm recommendation of Swift, he obtained a prebend in 1713, and in May, 1716, a vicarage in the diocese of Dublin, worth £400 a year. He died in July, 1717, aged thirty-eight. Inheriting his father’s estates in Cheshire and Ireland, Parnell was not in need. Wanting vigor and passion, he was neither formidable nor bitter as a political opponent, and in 1712 his old friends, Steele and Addison, were glad of a paper from him; though, with Swift, he had gone over to the other side in politics.” — MORLEY.

This allegory is the 460th number of “The Spectator,” and was published August 18, 1712.

The Castle of Indolence.



IN the year 1506, Alexander Barclay, the author of the "Shyp of Fooles,"¹ translated from the French an allegory called "The Castel of Laboure," "wherein is riches, virtue, and honour." This piece was of considerable length but of small merit, and represented Lady Reason conquering Despair, Poverty, and the kindred evils which beset a man newly married. About the year 1536 another French allegory of similar character and bearing the same name was translated into English by Bishop Alcock. These poems, if poems they may be called, probably supplied James Thomson with some remote suggestions of an allegory which he finally published in 1748 under the title of "The Castle of Indolence." In its original form the poem consisted simply of some disconnected stanzas intended by the author to ridicule his own indolence and that of a few friends. But, borrowing ideas from the French works mentioned above, from Tasso, from Spenser, and from an obscure poem on "Indolence" written by a certain Joseph Mitchell, and to these adding from his own no small stock of imagination and fancy, he was able to construct, after fifteen years' labor, an allegory which is truly delightful. The "Castle of Indolence" is contained in two cantos. The first canto describes

¹ See page 85.

The castle hight of Indolence,
 And its false luxury ;
 Where for a little time, alas !
 We lived right jollily.

The second canto is decidedly inferior to the first. It relates to

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
 And his achievements fair ;
 That, by this castle's overthrow,
 Secured and crownéd were.

It does not admit of such a pleasing variety of imagery, and the matter which it contains is of a more conventional and less poetic character. And yet its merits are of no mean order.



EXTRACTS FROM "THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE." ¹

THE LAND OF DROWSINESS.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell² is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween,³ a lovely spot of ground ;

¹ "This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I., has been used in tales and familiar epistles by the political writers of the age of Louis XIV." — *Author's Advertisement.*

² cruel.

³ think, fancy.

And there a season atween June and May,
 Half prankt¹ with spring, with summer half im-
 browned,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth² to say,
 No living wight could work, ne³ carèd even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played
 And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen ;⁴
 That, as they bickered⁵ through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
 made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And, now and then, sweet Philomel⁶ would wail,
 Or stockdoves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil⁷ the grasshoper did keep ;
 Yet all these sounds yblent⁸ inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
 Where naught but shadowy forms were seen to move,
 As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood ;

¹ decorated. ² truth. ³ nor. ⁴ bright. ⁵ rippled.

⁶ The nightingale.

⁷ noise, bustle.

⁸ blended.

And up the hills, on either side, a wood
 Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
 Send forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out, below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to
 flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 Forever flushing round a summer-sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instill a wanton sweetness through the breast ;
 And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh ;
 But whate'er smacked¹ of noyance² or unrest,
 Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard high³)
 Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of checkered day and night :
 Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicket wight
 Was placed ; and to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labor harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by :
 For, as they chanced to breath on neighboring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;

¹ tasted.

² trouble.

³ was called,

Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten¹ with his siren melody ;
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
 sung :

“ Here naught but candor reigns, indulgent ease,
 Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down.
 They who are pleas'd themselves must always please ;
 On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
 Thus from the source of tender Indolence,
 With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense ;
 For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

“ What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
 A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
 Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 Above those passions that this world deform,
 And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
 But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
 A quicker sense of joy : as breezes stray
 Across the enliven'd skies, and make them still more
 gay.

“ The best of men have ever lov'd repose :
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,
 Imbitter'd more from pcevish day to day.
 E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
 The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,

¹ melted.

From a base world at last have stolen away :
 So Scipio,¹ to the soft Cumæan shore
 Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

“But if a little exercise you choose,
 Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here :
 Amid the groves you may indulge the muse.
 Or tend the blooms² and deck the vernal year ;
 Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
 Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
 You may delude ; the whilst, amused, you hear
 Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh
 Attunèd to the birds, and woodland melody.

“O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 And gives the untasted portion you have won
 With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 To those who mock you, gone to Pluto's reign,
 There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
 But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.”

He ceased. But still their trembling ears retained
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
 That by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell mell,³ the listening throng.
 Heaps pour'd on heaps and yet they slipp'd along,
 In silent ease : as when beneath the beam

¹ See note 3, page 59.

² flowers.

³ headlong. As the players of pall-mall rush into the game. From Italian *palla*, ball, and *maglia*, mallet.

Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays¹ through airy portal stream.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE.

The doors that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand ;
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band ;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high-flavored and rich viands crown'd ;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean 'genders in his round,
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
 play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;

¹ fairies.

To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale ;
 Reclining lovers in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortured heart ;
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart ;
 While flocks, woods, streams around, repose and peace
 impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
 What time Dan¹ Abraham left the Chaldee land,
 And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then ; of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
 Bless'd sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls ;
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonished eyes ;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,

¹ Dan. A title of honor, often used by the old poets, as Dan Cupid, Dan Chaucer, etc. From Spanish *don*.

And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
 Whate'er Lorraine¹ light-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa² dash'd, or learned Poussin³ drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclined
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease ;
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive, melancholy mind ;
 Full easily obtained. Behooves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,
 To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined ;
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,
 The god of winds drew sound of deep delight :
 Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus⁴ it hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine
 Who up the lofty diapason⁵ roll

¹ Claude Lorraine, landscape painter, 1600–1682.

² Salvator Rosa, painter, poet, musician, 1615–1673.

³ Nicolas Poussin, one of the most remarkable artists of his age, 1593–1665.

⁴ The Æolian harp. So called from Æolus, the god of the winds. Being placed where a current of air strikes the strings, it produces irregular musical sounds.

⁵ A chord which includes all tones. From Greek *dia*, through, and *pas*, all.

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul !
 Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole¹
 They breathed, in tender musings through the heart ;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands a hymn impart :
 Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

SIR INDUSTRY.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel² fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,³
 The Knight of Arts and Industry by name :
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem ;
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.⁴

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run :
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
 And, certes, had been utterly undone ;
 But that Minerva pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,⁵
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;
 Ne did the sacred Nine⁶ disdain a gentle look.

¹ grief, affliction. ² much. ³ enterprise. ⁴ fierce, furious.

⁵ or *woning*—dwelling.

⁶ The nine Muses.

Of fertile genius him they nurtured well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can or ¹ use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart ;
 Ne were the goodly exercises spared,
 That brace the nerves, or makes the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard :
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him com-
 pared.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day ;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
 Or darting on the goal, outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pried through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in the ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath the verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;²
 Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;
 But more he search'd the mind, and roused from sleep
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
 Of heavenly truth, and practice what she taught :

¹ either.

² kingdoms.

Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits !
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plow he caught,
 Forth calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;
 Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
 Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's¹ school,
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean
 pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
 To touch the kindling canvas into life ;
 With nature his creating pencil vied,
 With nature joyous at the mimic strife :
 Or, to such shapes as graced Pygmalion's wife²
 He hewed the marble ; or with varied fire,
 He roused the trumpet, and the martial fife,
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
 Or verses framed that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplish'd thus, he from the woods issued,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;³
 The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
 Now to perform he ardent did devise ;
 To wit a barbarous world to civilize.
 Earth was still then a boundless forest wild ;
 Naught to be seen but savage wood and skies ;
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smiled,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

¹ The school of the sea.

² Pygmalion was a sculptor of Cypress, who fell in love with his own marble statue of Venus. At his earnest prayer the statue was endowed with life, and he married it.

³ undertakings.

A rugged wight, the worst of brute, was man ;
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd ;
 The strongest still the weakest overran ;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

It would exceed the purport of my song
 To say how this best sun from orient climes,
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,
 Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
 And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome their golden times,
 Successive had ; but now in ruins gray
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,
 In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
 All careless rambling where it liked them most ;
 Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the
 glade ;
 They lodged at large, and lived at native's cost,
 Save spear and bow, withouten other aid
 Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He liked the soil, he liked the clement skies,
 He liked the verdant hills and flowery plains :
 "Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries,

“This, whilst my labor Liberty sustains,
This queen of oceans all assault disdains.”
Nor liked he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper’d by forming Heaven with kindest firmest
hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame;
Whatever finish’d agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish’d in unspotted fame;
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and art at once, delight and use combined.

Then towns he quicken’d by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil;
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind¹ the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o’er the encircling deep Britannia’s thunder roars.

The drooping muses then he westward called,
From the famed city by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian thrall’d;
Thence from their cloister’d walks he set them free,

¹ Either the East Indies or the West Indies.

And brought them to another Castalie,¹
 Where Isis² many a famous nursling breeds;
 Or where old Cam³ soft-paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,⁴
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finished least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of laboring time, and slow increased;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters⁵ call
 Up to the sunshine of encumbered ease
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou knowest they ask no other
 fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now e'en grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas'⁶ name,
 Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
 The eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains:
 The best and sweetest, far, are toil-created gains.

¹ Castalian fountain, whose waters had the power of inspiring with the gift of poetry.

² Oxford University, situated on the Isis.

³ Cambridge University, on the Cam River.

⁴ Pastoral poetry.

⁵ The useful and the fine arts.

⁶ A patron of letters. From C. Clinius Mæcenas, a special friend and patron of Horace and Virgil. The name has been applied to the Earl of Halifax and to the poet-banker, Samuel Rogers.

When as the knight had framed in Britain-land
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,
 Laws, 'stablished by the public free consent,
 Whose majesty is to the scepter lent ;
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,¹
 Where his long alleys peeped upon the main :
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mixed the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
 The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
 He walked his rounds, and cheered his blest domain :
 His days, the days of unstained nature, rolled
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs, of old.

NOTES.

JAMES THOMSON, distinguished chiefly as the author of "The Seasons," was born in Ednam, in Roxburghshire, in 1700. His first published work was that portion of "The Seasons" entitled "Winter," which appeared in 1726. "Summer" was published in 1727, "Spring" in 1728, and "Autumn" in 1730. "The Castle of Indolence," his last work, was published in 1748, two years before his death. "Making allowance for the time over which his influence has extended," says George Saintsbury, "no poet has given the special pleasure which poetry is capable of giving to so large a number of persons in so large a measure as Thomson." Of Thomson's indolent habits, it is related that much of his best poetry was composed while lying in bed; and an anecdote is told of his having been seen in Lord Burlington's garden, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, biting off the riper sides of the peaches that hung in his way.

¹ The valley of the river Dec, in Cheshire, noted for its pastures and dairy products.

The Journey of a Day.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.



OBIDAH, the son of Ahensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached his meridian, and the increased heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling; but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had

found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleased himself with tracing the meanderings of a river that roved among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted: his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of

loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He was resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and recommended his life to the lord of Nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of laying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and

obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for awhile, we keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance

prepares us for another ; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy ; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair ; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made : that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors ; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose ; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence ; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.”



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield in 1709. His father was a bookseller. He was sent to Oxford in his nineteenth year, but was compelled to quit college before taking any degree. For a year and a half, he taught a private school in Lichfield, one of his (three) pupils being David Garrick. He came to London in 1737, and commenced writing for Cave, the printer, in the "Gentleman's Magazine." In 1738 he published his "London, a Satire"; in 1749 his "Vanity of Human Wishes." In emulation of the older essayists, he published, in numbers, 1750-52, a series of prose essays under the title of "The Rambler." His Dictionary occupied him for seven years, and was published in 1755. He died in 1784.

The Passions.

By WILLIAM COLLINS.



WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,¹
Thronged around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess beyond the muse's painting :
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined ;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, wrapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles² round
They snatched her instruments of sound ;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,

¹ Musical instrument. The first lyre (invented by Hermes) was made by stretching strings over a tortoise shell.

² Compare with "hanging on the willows." (See Note 8, page 148.) The myrtle was sacred to Venus and adorned the brows of bloodless victors.

And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair¹
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still, through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden
hair.

And longer had she sung ; — but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stained sword, in thunder, down ;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,

¹ "Then black Despair
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world, in which I moved alone."

— Shelley, *The Revolt of Islam*.

And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
 And, ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum, with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity, at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from
 his head.
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed ;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
 And now it courted love, now raving called on hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy¹ sat retired ;
 And, from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And, dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins² gemmed with morning dew,

¹ "Moping Melancholy and moonstruck madness." — *Milton, Paradise Lost.*

² Shoes with high soles. Often used with reference to the tragic stage.

Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to faun and dryad known!
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,¹
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green:
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address;
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw, in Tempe's vale,² her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!
 Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside
 As, in that loved Athenian bower,
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared,
 Can well recall what then it heard;

¹ Artemis and the Muses.

² A valley in Greece between Mount Ossa and Mount Olympus. A favorite haunt of Apollo and the Muses.

Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's¹ page —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale;
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age;
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's² mingled world of sound —
 O bid our vain endeavours cease;
 Revive the just designs of Greece:
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!



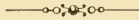
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester on Christmas Day, 1721. In 1733 he entered Winchester College, then under Dr. Burton. While at school he wrote some short poems which were afterwards published in a collection. In 1740 he entered as commoner of Queen's College, Oxford; and next year he obtained a demyship at Magdalen. In 1744 he left Oxford for London, where he found a true friend in Johnson. His "Odes" appeared in 1747. After this he went to live at Richmond, where he was intimate with Johnson, Thomson, Armstrong, and other celebrities of the day, and where he composed the "Ode on the Death of Thomson," and several other poems which were well received. In 1750 he was attacked by the brain-disease from which, with certain intervals of partial recovery, he suffered for the rest of his life. He died in 1759.

¹ Clio, the Muse of History.

² The Christian patroness of sacred music and reputed inventor of the organ. See Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," and Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

A Parable against Persecution.



1. AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow and go on thy way."

4. But the man said, "Nay, for I will abide under this tree."

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent, and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?"

7. And the man answered and said, "I do not worship the God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth alway in mine house and provideth me with all things."

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?"

10. And Abraham answered and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

11. And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

12. And Abraham said, "Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee."

13. And Abraham arose and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent; and when he had entreated him kindly he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, "For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land;

15. "But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."



NOTE.

"This Parable was printed in the 'Boston Chronicle,' 1768, and six years afterwards in Lord Kames's 'Sketches of the History of Man.' Lord Kames introduced it with the following prefatory remark: 'It was communicated to me by Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia, a man who makes a great figure in the learned world.' . . . From Lord Kames's work it was taken by Mr. Vaughan, and included in his edition of Franklin's writings.

Although Lord Kames does not say that Dr. Franklin was the author of the Parable, yet from the manner in which he speaks of it, this inference was naturally drawn; and some degree of surprise was expressed when the discovery was made, not long afterwards, that there was a similar story in Jeremy Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophesying.' Curiosity was then excited as to its real origin, for Taylor vaguely says that he found it in 'the Jews' books.' Upon this hint, however, the learned commenced their researches, and the storehouses of Talmudic, Cabalistic, and Rabbinical lore was explored in vain. No such story could be found in any Jewish writing. It was at length discovered in the dedication of a book which was translated by George Gentius from a Jewish work, and which appeared in Amsterdam in the year 1651. More recently it has been found out that the Parable is of Eastern origin— from the second book of the 'Bostàn,' by the celebrated Persian poet Saadi. It is worthy of notice that Saadi relates the story not as his own, but as having been told to him. Thus its fountain remains yet to be ascertained." — JARED SPARKS.

In a letter to Mr. Vaughan, dated November 2, 1789, Dr. Franklin says that he never published the story, and claimed no "other credit from it than what related to the style, and the addition of the concluding threat and promise."

The Hill of Science.

BY DR. JOHN AIKIN.¹



IN that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city soothed my mind into a most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the midst of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth, many of whom

¹ Dr. John Aikin was born in Leicestershire, England, in 1747. He is best known as one of the authors of "Evenings at Home," a selection of instructive essays and stories for children. He was assisted in the preparation of this work by his sister, Mrs. Barbauld. The book has been translated into every European language. Dr. Aikin died in 1822.

pressed forward with the liveliest expressions of ardor in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," said he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive."

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths, and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Applica-

tion. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits, which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called), far from proceeding to

open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives all turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance, a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of appetite and passion would often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are per-

mitted to ascend the mountain! But while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardor, I saw, standing beside me, a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. "Happier," said she, "are they whom Virtue conducts to the Mansions of Content!" "What," said I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" "I am found," said she, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence, but I alone can guide thee to felicity!"¹ While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

¹ "Virtue alone is happiness below."

POPE, *Essay on Man*, iv., 310.

"'Tis Virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

COLLINS, *Eclogue*, I, 6.

Fables.



THE OAK AND THE BRIAR.¹

BY EDMUND SPENSER.

THERE grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde :
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight ;
Whilome² had bene the king of the felde,
And mochell mast to the husbande³ did yielde,
And with his nuts larded⁴ many swine :
But now the gray mosse marred his rine⁵ ;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,⁶
And seemed to threat the firmament :

¹ [From "The Shepheards Calender," 1579-80. February.] "This tale of the Oake and the Brere he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Æsops fables. It is verie excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certain Icon of Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers." — *Glosse*.

² once, formerly.

³ husbandman.

⁴ fattened.

⁵ bark.

⁶ the air.

It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
 And thereto aye wonned¹ to repayre
 The shepherds daughters to gather flowres,
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres ;
 And in his small bushes used to shrowde²
 The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde ;
 Which made this foolish Brere wexe³ so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold
 And snebbe⁴ the good Oake, for⁵ he was old.

“ Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke ?
 Nor for fruct nor for shadowe serves thy stocke ;
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in lilly white and cremsin redde,
 With leaves engrained in lusty greene ;
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene ?
 Thy waste⁶ bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks⁷ the beauty of my blossomes rownd :
 The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,⁸
 My sinamon smell too much annoieth :
 Wherefore soone I rede⁹ thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.”
 So spake this bold brere with great disdain :
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe,
 But yeilded, with shame and greefe adawed,
 That of a weede he was overcrawed.¹⁰

Yt chaunced after upon a day,
 The husbandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to surveve his grownd,
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd :

¹ were wont.

² hide.

³ become, grow.

⁴ snub, chide.

⁵ because.

⁶ vast.

⁷ darkens.

⁸ cumbereth.

⁹ advise.

¹⁰ daunted.

Him when the spitefull Brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife.

“ O, my liege Lord! the god of my life!
 Pleaseth you ponder your suppliaunts plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
 Which I your poore vassall daylie endure;
 And, but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole¹ to dye,
 Through felonous force of mineemie.”

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
 With painted words tho gan this proude weede
 (As most usen ambitious folke :)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

“ Ah, my soveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
 To be the primrose² of all thy land;
 With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,³
 And scarlot berries in sommer time?
 How falls it then that this faded Oake,
 Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
 Whose naked armes stretch unto the fyre,
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde;
 Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honor of your coronall⁴:

¹ dole, grief.

² worthiest.

³ spring.

⁴ garland.

And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
 Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight ;
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where-with my fresh flowretts bene defast :
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right ;
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greevance.”

To this the Oake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth¹ ; but his enemie
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde² stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threate ;
 His harmefull hatchet he hent³ in hand,
 (Alas ! that it so ready should stand !)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Ay little helpe to harme there needeth !)
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter⁴ his rage mought cooled be ;
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
 And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
 The axes edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine ;
 Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear ;
 For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mysteree,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe⁵ ;
 And often halowed with holy-water dewe :

¹ knew how. ² would not. ³ seized, took. ⁴ lest. ⁵ cruse, holy vessel.

But sike¹ fancies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this miserye ;
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay,
 The blocke² oft goned under the blow,
 And sighed to see his neere overthrow.
 In fine, the steele had pierced his pith,
 Tho³ downe to the earth hee fell forthwith.
 His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
 Th' earth shranke under him, and seem'd to shake :—
 There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none !

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pride and vain pleasaunce :
 But all this glee had no continuance,
 For eftsoones winter gan to approche,
 The blustering Boreas⁴ did encroche,
 And beate upon the solitarie Brere ;
 For now no succour was seene him neere.
 Now gan hee repent his pride too late,
 For naked left and disconsolate
 The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
 The watrie wette weighed down his head,
 And heaped snow burdened him sore,
 That now upright hee can stand no more ;
 And being down is trod in the durt
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere.

¹ such.

² trunk.

³ then.

⁴ north wind.

THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.¹

" At the large foot of a fair hollow tree,
 Close to ploughed ground, seated commodiously,
 His ancient and hereditary house,
 There dwelt a good, substantial country mouse ;
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,
 Yet one who once did nobly entertain
 A city mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,
 A mouse of high degree, who lost his way,
 Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
 And arrived early and alighted there
 For a day's lodging ; the good, hearty host
 (The ancient plenty of his hall to boast),
 Did all the stores produce that might excite,
 With various tastes, the courtier's appetite —
 Fitches and beans, peason, and oats, and wheat,
 And a large chestnut, the delicious meat
 Which Jove himself — were he a mouse — would eat ;
 And for a *hautgout*² there was mixed with these
 A rind of bacon, and the coat of cheese,
 The precious relics which at harvest, he
 Had gathered from the reaper's luxury.
 ' Freely,' said he, ' fall on, and never spare ;
 The bounteous gods will for to-morrow care.'
 And, thus at ease, on beds of straw they lay,
 And to their genius sacrificed the day ;

¹ Born in London, 1618. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Wrote "Poetical Blossomes," "The Mistress," "The Guardian," etc. Died 1667.

² *hautgout* (pronounced ho-goo), richness.

Yet the nice guest's epicurean mind
 (Tho' breeding made him civil seem, and kind),
 Despised this country feast, and still his thought
 Upon the pies and cakes of London wrought.
 'Your bounty and civility,' said he,
 'Which I'm surpris'd in these rude parts to see,
 Shows that the gods have given you a mind
 Too noble for the fate that here you find.
 Why should a soul so virtuous, and so great
 Lose itself thus in an obscure retreat?
 Let savage beasts lodge in a country den,
 You should see towns, and manners know, and men,
 And taste the generous luxury of the court,
 Where all the mice of quality resort.
 We all, ere long, must render up our breath:
 No cave nor hole can shelter us from death.
 Since life is so uncertain and so short,
 Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
 Come, worthy sir, come with me, and partake
 All the great things that mortals happy make.'
 Alas! what virtues hath sufficient 'larms
 T' oppose bright honour and soft pleasure's charms!
 What wisdom can their magic force repel?
 It draws this reverend hermit from his cell.

"Plainly, the truth to tell, the sun was set
 When to the town the weary travelers get,
 To a lord's house, as lordly as can be,
 Made for the use of pride and luxury.
 They come; the gentle courtier at the door
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
 'But 'tis, sir, your command, and, being so,
 I'm sworn obedience,' and so in they go.

Behind a hanging in a spacious room
(The richest work of Mortlake's noble loom),
They wait awhile, their wearied limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
About the hour that Cynthia's silver light
Has reached the pale meridian of the night,
At last, the various supper being done,
It happened that the company was gone
Into a room remote, servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a ball.
Our host leads forth the stranger, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the table half-filled dishes stood,
And with delicious bits the floor was strewed.
The courteous mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties were blest.
The industrious peasant everywhere doth range,
And thanks the gods for his life's happy change.
Lo! in the midst of a well-freighted pie
They both at last glutted and wanton lie,
When — see the sad reverse of prosperous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait —
With hideous noise, down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before ran barking into th' room.
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,
And hate the fulness which retards their flight;
Our trembling peasant wishes now in vain
That rocks and mountains covered him again.
O how the change of his poor life he curst!
'This, of all lives,' said he, 'is sure the worst.
Give me again, ye gods, my cave and wood;
With peace, let tares and acorns be my food.'"

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION.

BY JONATHAN SWIFT.¹

When beasts could speak, (the learned say
 They still can do so every day,)
 It seems, they had religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
 (Which therefore made them more devout,)
 The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command,
 That every subject in the land
 Should to the priest confess their sins;
 And thus the pious Wolf begins:—
 Good father, I must own with shame,
 That often I have been to blame:
 I must confess, on Friday last,
 Wretch that I was! I broke my fast:
 But I defy the basest tongue
 To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
 Or ever went to seek my food,
 By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
 That in his heart he loved a jest:
 A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone:
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe:

¹ Dean Swift—born in Dublin, 1667; wrote "The Battle of the Books," "Gulliver's Travels," "Tale of a Tub," and several short essays, poems, etc.; died, 1745.

But yet the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred ;
And, if it be a sin and shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame :
One fault he has, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short ;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd show his face before the king :
Then for his voice, there's none disputes
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud :
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice :
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent :
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found ;
His vigilance might some displease ;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter ;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd :
Indeed, the strictness of his morals
Engaged him in a hundred quarrels :
He saw, and he was grieved to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet :
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear ;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoic's rage.

The Goat advanced with decent pace,

And first excused his youthful face ;
 Forgiveness begg'd that he appear'd
 ('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
 'Tis true, he was not much inclined
 To fondness for the female kind :
 Not, as his enemies object,
 From chance, or natural defect ;
 Not by his frigid constitution ;
 But through a pious resolution :
 For he had made a holy vow
 Of Chastity, as monks do now :
 Which he resolved to keep for ever hence
 And strictly too, as doth his reverence.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
 How just it suits with human kind.
 Some faults we own ; but can you guess ?
 — Why, virtue's carried to excess,
 Wherewith our vanity endows us,
 Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears (you may rely on't)
 He never squeezed a needy client ;
 And this he makes his constant rule,
 For which his brethren call him fool ;
 His conscience always was so nice,
 He freely gave the poor advice ;
 By which he lost, he may affirm,
 A hundred fees last Easter term ;
 While others of the learned robe,
 Would break the patience of a Job.
 No pleader at the bar could match
 His diligence and quick dispatch ;
 Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
 Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
 Without success, thus tells his case :
 Why should he longer mince the matter ?
 He failed, because he could not flatter ;
 He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
 Nor for a party give his vote :
 His crime he quickly understood ;
 Too zealous for the nation's good :
 He found the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the lawn :
 He passed his hours among his books ;
 You find it in his meagre looks :
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get, and spare his eyes ;
 But owns he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone to merit ;
 Would rise by merit to promotion ;
 Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
 Confess'd a sin ; (and God forgive him !)
 Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
 A blind old beggar from the grave :
 But see how Satan spreads his snares ;
 He quite forgot to say his prayers.
 He cannot help it, for his heart,
 Sometimes to act the parson's part :
 Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
 That moves his patients to repentance ;
 And, when his medicines do no good,
 Supports their minds with heavenly food :
 At which, however well intended,

He hears the clergy are offended ;
 And grown so bold behind his back,
 To call him hypocrite and quack.
 In his own church he keeps a seat ;
 Says grace before and after meat ;
 And calls, without affecting airs,
 His household twice a-day to prayers.
 He shuns apothecaries' shops,
 And hates to cram the sick with slops :
 He scorns to make his art a trade ;
 Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid.
 Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
 To recommend him to the squire ;
 Which others, whom he will not name,
 Have often practised to their shame.

The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
 His fault is to be too sincere ;
 And having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends.
 The nation's good, his master's glory,
 Without regard to Whig or Tory,
 Were all the schemes he had in view,
 Yet he was seconded by few :
 Though some had spread a thousand lies,
 'Twas he defeated the excise.
 'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
 That standing troops were his aversion :
 His practice was, in every station,
 To serve the king, and please the nation.
 Though hard to find in every case
 The fittest man to fill a place :
 His promises he ne'er forgot,
 But took memorials on the spot ;

His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity :
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good ;
Their kind affections he has tried ;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year ;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone :
O ! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him license to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin ;
He thought it base for men in stations,
To crowd the court with their relations :
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother ;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame,)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood ;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.

The Sharper swore he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away :
And well he might ; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost ;
He heard there was a club of cheats,

Who had contrived a thousand feats ;
 Could change the stock, or cog a die,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye :
 Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact,
 Besides, the tale is false, in fact ;
 And so absurd, that could I raise up,
 From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
 I would accuse him to his face,
 For libelling the four-foot race.
 Creatures of every kind but ours
 Well comprehend their natural powers,
 While we, whom reason ought to sway,
 Mistake our talents every day.
 The Ass was never known so stupid,
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid ;
 Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 There to be stroked, and fed with pap,
 As Æsop would the world persuade ;
 He better understands his trade :
 Nor comes when'er his lady whistles,
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is
 A creature *bipes et implumis*¹ ;
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human kind ;
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may degenerate into men.

¹ Two-legged and without feathers.

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

BY JOHN GAY.¹

"Whether on earth, in air, or main,
 Sure everything alive is vain.
 Does not the hawk all fowls survey
 As destined only for his prey?
 And do not tyrants, prouder things,
 Think men were born for slaves for kings?
 When the crab views the pearly strands,
 Or Tagus bright with golden sands,
 Or crawls beside the coral grove
 And hears the ocean roll above,
 'Nature is too profuse,' says he,
 'Who gave all these to pleasure me.'
 When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
 And every garden breathes perfume —

¹ Born near Barnstaple, England, 1688; wrote "Rural Sports," "The Shepherd's Week," "Trivia," "Fables," and "The Beggar's Opera"; died in London, 1732. No other English author has excelled him as a writer of fables. "Gay's 'Fables' are certainly a work of great merit, both as to the quantity of invention implied, and as to the elegance and facility of the execution." — *Hazlitt*.

"In this age," says Taine, "lived Gay, a kind and amiable good fellow, very sincere, very frank, strangely thoughtless, born to be duped, and a young man to the last. Swift said of him that he ought never to have lived more than twenty-two years. 'In wit a man, simplicity a child,' wrote Pope. He had little of the grave in his character, and neither many scruples nor manners. It was his sad lot, he said, that he could get nothing from the court, whether he wrote for or against it. And he wrote his own epitaph:—

"Life is a jest; and all things show it,
 I thought so once; but now I know it."

When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
 Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise ;
 When with huge figs the branches bend ;
 When clusters from the vine depend.

The *snail* looks round on flower and tree,
 And cries 'All these were made for me.'

" 'What dignity's in human nature ?'
 Says Man, the most conceited creature,
 As from a cliff he cast his eye

And viewed the sea and arched sky.

The sun was sunk beneath the main ;

The moon and all the starry train

Hung the vast vault of heaven, the man

His contemplation thus began :

" 'When I behold this glorious show

And the wide watery world below,

The scaly people of the main,

The beasts that range the woods or plain,

The wing'd inhabitants of air,

The night, the day, the various year,

And know all these by Heaven designed

As gifts to pleasure human-kind,

I cannot raise my voice too high —

Of what vast consequence am I ?'

" 'Not of the importance you suppose,'

Replies a *flea* upon his nose.

'Be humble, learn thyself to scan,

Know pride was never made for man ;

'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.

What heaven and earth for *thee* designed,

For *thee* made only for our need,

That more important *fleas* should feed.' "

THE HARE WITH MANY FRIENDS.¹

BY JOHN GAY.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.

¹ "This fable is a fair sample of Gay's manner; and it is of additional interest as being in some measure a personal utterance." — *Austin Dobson*,

You know my feet betray my flight;
 To friendship every burden's light."
 The Horse replied: "Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
 Be comforted; relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored;
 And thus replied the mighty lord.
 "Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend,
 To take the freedom of a friend;
 Love calls me hence; a favorite cow
 Expects me near yon barley-mow:
 And when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place.
 To leave you thus might seem unkind;
 But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remarked her pulse was high.
 Her languid head, her heavy eye;
 "My back," says he, "may do you harm;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
 His sides a load of wool sustained:
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
 To save from death a friend distressed.
 "Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
 In this important care engage?
 Older and abler passed you by;
 How strong are those, how weak am I!

Should I presume to bear you hence,
 Those friends of mine may take offence.
 Excuse me, then. You know my heart.
 But dearest friends, alas! must part!
 How shall we all lament : Adieu!
 For see, the hounds are just in view."

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

BY JOHN GAY.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay :
 All appetite had left his maw,
 And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
 His numerous race around him stand,
 To learn their dying sire's command :
 He raised his head with whining moan,
 And thus was heard the feeble tone :
 "Ah, sons! from evil ways depart ;
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
 See, see the murder'd geese appear!
 Why are those bleeding turkeys here,
 Why all around this cackling train,
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?"

The hungry foxes round them stared,
 And for the promised feast prepared :

"Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here.
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain."

“O gluttons!” says the drooping sire,
“Restrain inordinate desire :
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race ?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions reign :
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.”

“The counsel’s good,” a Fox replies,
“Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done ;
A line of thieves from son to son :
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark’d our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed ;
Whatever hen-roost is decreased,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believed.
A lost good name is ne’er retrieved.”

“Nay, then,” replies the feeble Fox ;
“But, hark ! I hear a hen that clucks :
Go, but be moderate in your food :
A chicken too, might do me good.”

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,
THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE:

An unco Mournfu' Tale.

BY ROBERT BURNS.¹

As Mailie and her lambs thegither,
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot² she coost a hitch,³
And owre she warsled⁴ in the ditch :
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc he cam doytin'⁵ by.

Wi' glowering een⁶ and lifted hands,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stands ;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart ! he could na mend it.
He gapèd wide, but naething spak —
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

“ Oh thou, whose lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case !
My dying words attentive hear,
And bear them to my master dear.

“ Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear⁷ as buy a sheep,
O bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair !

¹ Born in Ayrshire, Scotland, 1759; published first volume of poems, 1786; second volume, 1787; died, 1796.

² foot, hoof.

³ *coost a hitch*, stumbled.

⁴ struggled.

⁵ walking stupidly.

⁶ eyes.

⁷ much money.

But ca' them out to park or hill,
 And let them wander at their will ;
 So may his flock increase, and grow
 To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo' !

“Tell him he was a master kin',
 And aye was guid to me and mine ;
 And now my dying charge I gie him —
 My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

“Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
 Frae dogs, and tods,¹ and butchers' knives !
 But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to fend themsel ;²
 And tent³ them duly, e'en and morn,
 Wi' teats⁴ o' hay, and ripps⁴ o' corn.

“And may they never learn the gaets
 Of other vile, wanrestfu' pets ;
 To slink through slaps,⁵ and reave⁶ and steal
 At stacks o' peas, or stocks o' kail.
 So may they, like their great forbears,⁷
 For mony a year come through the shears :
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 And bairns greet⁸ for them when they're dead.

“My poor toop-lamb, my son and heir —
 Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care ;
 And if he live to be a beast,
 To pit some havins⁹ in his breast !

¹ foxes.

⁴ handfuls.

⁷ ancestors.

² take care of themselves.

⁵ gates.

⁸ grieve.

³ care for.

⁶ snatch.

⁹ manners.

“And warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi’ yowes at hame ;
And no to rin and wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless,¹ graceless brutes.

“And neist my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string ;
Oh, may thou ne’er forgather up
Wi’ ony blastit,² moorland toop,
But aye keep mind to moop and mell³
Wi’ sheep o’ credit like thysel.

“And now, my bairns, wi’ my last breath
I lea’e my blessin’ wi’ you baith :
And when you think up’ your mither,
Mind to be kin’ to ane anither.

“Now, honest Hughoc, dinna⁴ fail
To tell my master a’ my tale ;
And bid him burn his cursed tether,
And, for thy pains, thou’s get my blether.”⁵

This said, poor Mailie turned her head,
And closed her een⁶ amang the dead.

¹ senseless.

⁴ do not.

² degenerate.

⁵ nonsense.

³ mump and meddle.

⁶ eyes.

THE TWA DOGS.

A Tale.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle
 That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
 Upon a bonny day in June,
 When wearing through the afternoon,
 Twa dogs that were na thrang¹ at hame,
 Forgathered² ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
 Was keepit for his honor's pleasure ;
 His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Shewed he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
 But whalpit³ some place far abroad,
 Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lockèd, lettered, braw⁴ brass-collar,
 Shewed him the gentleman and scholar ;
 But though he was o' high degree,
 The fient a pride — nae pride had he ;
 But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
 E'en wi' a tinkler-gipsy's messan.⁵
 At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,⁶
 Nae tawted tyke,⁷ though e'er sae duddie,⁸
 But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
 And stroan't on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

¹ much.² met together.³ whelped.⁴ fine.⁵ cur.⁶ smithy.⁷ dirty dog.⁸ ragged.

The tither¹ was a ploughman's collie,
 A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,²
 Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
 And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
 After some dog in Highland sang,
 Was made lang syne³ — Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash⁴ and faithful tyke,
 As ever lap⁵ a sheugh⁶ or dike.
 His honest, sonsie⁷ baws'nt face,
 Aye gat him friends in ilka⁸ place.
 His breast was white, his touzie⁹ back
 Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black ;
 His gaucy¹⁰ tail, wi' upward curl,
 Hung o'er his hurdies¹¹ wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
 And unco pack¹² and thick thegither ;
 Wi' social nose whyles snuffed and snowkit,¹³
 Whyles¹⁴ mice and moudieworts¹⁵ they howkit,¹⁶
 Whyles scoured awa' in lang excursion,
 And worried ither¹⁷ in diversion ;
 Until wi' daffin,¹⁸ weary grown,
 Upon a knowe¹⁹ they sat them down,
 And there began a lang digression
 About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wondered, honest Luath,
 What sort o' life poor dogs like you have

¹ other.	² friend.	³ long ago.	⁴ sagacious.
⁵ leaped.	⁶ ditch.	⁷ comely.	⁸ every.
⁹ shaggy.	¹⁰ jolly.	¹¹ hips.	¹² intimate.
¹³ scented.	¹⁴ sometimes.	¹⁵ moles.	¹⁶ hunted.
¹⁷ each other.	¹⁸ sporting.	¹⁹ knoll.	

And when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies lived ava.¹

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain,² and a' his stents ;³
He rises when he likes himsel' ;
His flunkies answer at the bell ;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse ;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,⁴
The yellow lettered Geordie⁵ keeks.⁶

Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling ;
And though the gentry first are stechin,⁷
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan⁸
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic-like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie
Our whipper-in, wee⁹ blastit wonner,¹⁰
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan' ;
And what poor cot-folk pit their painch¹¹ in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth Cæsar, whyles they're fash't¹² enough ;
A cotter howkin' ¹³ in a sheugh,¹⁴
Wi' dirty stanes biggin' ¹⁵ a dike,
Barring ¹⁶ a quarry and sic-like :

¹ at all.

² tribute.

³ dues.

⁴ stitches.

⁵ guinea.

⁶ looks.

⁷ stuffing.

⁸ belly.

⁹ little.

¹⁰ intruder.

¹¹ stomach.

¹² troubled.

¹³ digging.

¹⁴ ditch.

¹⁵ building.

¹⁶ fencing.

Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A smytrie¹ o' wee duddie² weans.³
 And nought but his han' darg, to keep
 Them right and tight in thack⁴ and rape.⁵

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 And they maun⁶ starve⁷ o' cauld and hunger ;
 But how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
 They're maistly wonderfu' contented :
 And buirdly chiels,⁸ and clever hizzies,⁹
 Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're neglectit,
 How huffed, and cuffed, and disrespectit !
 L—, man, our gentry care as little
 For delvers, ditchers, and sic cattle ;
 They gang¹⁰ as saucy by poor folk,
 As I wad by a stinkin' brock.¹¹
 I've noticed, on our Laird's court-day,
 And monie a time my heart's been wae,¹²
 Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
 How they maun thole¹³ a factor's snash :¹⁴
 He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
 He'll apprehend them, poind¹⁵ their gear ;¹⁶
 While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
 And hear it a', and fear and tremble !

¹ heap.² ragged.³ little ones.⁴ thatch.⁵ rope.⁶ must.⁷ die.⁸ stout lads.⁹ lassies.¹⁰ go.¹¹ badger.¹² sad¹³ bear.¹⁴ abuse.¹⁵ distrain.¹⁶ goods.

I see how folk live that hae riches ;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches !

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched 's ane wad think ;
Though constantly on poortith's¹ brink :
They're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
The view o' 't gies them little fright.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided ;
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie² weans and faithfu' wives ;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fireside ;
And whyles twalpenie worth o' nappy³
Can mak the bodies unco happy.
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs :
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation 's comin',
And ferlie⁴ at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,⁵
When rural life o' every station
Unite in common recreation ;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.

¹ poverty's. ² thriving. ³ ale. ⁴ wonder. ⁵ harvest-supper.

That merry day the year begins,
 They bar the door on frosty win's;
 The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,¹
 And sheds a heart-inspiring steam:
 The luntin'² pipe, and sneeshin-mill,³
 Are handed round wi' right guidwill;
 The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,⁴
 The young anes rantin' through the house—
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften played.
 There's monie a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont⁵ fo'k
 Are riven out baith root and branch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel' the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha aiblins⁶ thrang a parliamentin',
 For Britain's guid his saul indentin'——

CÆSAR.

Haith⁷ lad, ye little ken about it;
 For Britain's guid! guid faith, I doubt it
 Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
 And saying Ay or No's they bid him:
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading
 Or maybe, in a frolic daft,⁸
 To Hague or Calais takes a waft,

¹ foam.² smoking.³ snuff-box.⁴ happy.⁵ handsome.⁶ perhaps.⁷ faith.⁸ mad.

To mak a tour and tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, and see the worl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails ;
Or by Madrid he takes the route,
To thrum guitars, and fecht¹ wi' nowte ;²
Or down Italian vista startles,
W—— hunting amang groves o' myrtles ;
Then bouses³ drumly⁴ German water,
To mak himsel' look fair and fatter,
And clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.

For Britain's guid ! — for her destruction !
Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

LUATH.

Hech, man ! dear sirs ! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw⁵ estate !
Are we sae foughten and harassed
For gear⁶ to gang that gate at last !

Oh would they stay aback frae courts,
And please themsel's wi' country sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, and the Cotter !
For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billies,
Fient haet⁷ o' them 's ill-hearted fellows ;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,⁸

¹ fight.

² cattle.

³ drinks.

⁴ muddy.

⁵ fine.

⁶ wealth.

⁷ no one.

⁸ mistress.

Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure ;
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o' 't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envý 'em.
It 's true they needna starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat ;
They 've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes ;
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsel's to vex them ;
And aye the less they hae to sturt¹ them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acre 's tilled, he 's right eneugh ;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizen² 's done, she 's unco weel :
But gentlemen, and ladies warst,
Wi' even-down want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy ;
Though deil haet³ ails them, yet uneasy ;
Their days insipid, dull, and tastless ;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless.

¹ molest.

² dozen.

³ nothing.

And e'en their sports, their balls and races,
 Their galloping through public places,
 There 's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
 The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
 Then sowther¹ a' in deep debauches ;
 Ae night they 're mad wi' drink and w—ing,
 Niest² day their life is past enduring.

The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
 As great and gracious a' as sisters ;
 But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
 They 're a' run deils and jads thegither.
 Whyles o'er the wee bit cup and platie,
 They sip the scandal potion pretty ;
 Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks ;³
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stack yard,
 And cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard.
 There 's some exception, man and woman ;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 And darker gloaming brought the night :
 The bum-clock⁴ hummed wi' lazy drone ;
 The kye⁵ stood rowtin'⁶ i' the loan ;
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs ;
 And each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some ither day.

¹ make up for.

² next.

³ playing cards.

⁴ beetle.

⁵ cows.

⁶ lowing.

THE RETIRED CAT.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.¹

A Poet's Cat, sedate and grave
 As poet well could wish to have,
 Was much addicted to inquire
 For nooks to which she might retire,
 And where, secure as mouse in chink,
 She might repose, or sit and think.
 I know not where she caught the trick ;
 Nature perhaps herself had cast her
 In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
 Or else she learned it of her master.
 Sometimes ascending, debonair,
 An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
 Lodged with convenience in the fork,
 She watched the gardener at his work ;
 Sometimes her ease and solace sought
 In an old empty watering-pot,
 There wanting nothing, save a fan,
 To seem some nymph in her sedan,
 Appareled in exactest sort,
 And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
 Not only in our wiser race ;
 Cats also feel, as well as we,
 That passion's force, and so did she.

¹ Born at Great Berkhamstead, England, 1731 ; wrote "Table Talk," "The Task," "Tirocinium," "John Gilpin," etc.; died at East Dereham, 1800.

Her climbing, she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within :
She therefore wished, instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton in her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use ;
A drawer, impending o'er the rest,
Half open, in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there ;
Puss with delight beyond expression,
Surveyed the scene and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.

Awakened by the shock (cried puss)
" Was ever cat attended thus !

The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,
For soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid, and it was closed.
How smooth those 'kerchiefs, and how sweet ?
Oh what a delicate retreat !
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come, and let me out."

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remained still unattended.
The night rolled tardily away
(With her indeed 'twas never day),
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening gray again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entombed the day before ;
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom.
Nor slept a single wink, nor purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching ;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said — "What's that ?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest ;
And, doubtful what, with prudent care
Resolved it should continue there.

At length a voice which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him, and dispelled his fears ;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and without stop
The next in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond comprehension,
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cured of all,
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest,
Any thing rather than a chest.
Then stepped the poet into bed
With this reflection in his head :

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around in all that's done
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.

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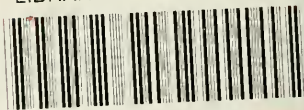
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